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ADDRESS.

OUR most Excellent Monarch, William the Fourth, who is ever ready to encourage the Fine Arts and prompt in assisting those exertions which are made for the extension of them, has been graciously pleased to permit that our future labours should be continued under the favor of His Kingly Patronage.

It has always been our highest ambition to be accounted worthy of such distinguished honor, and that we might be enabled to produce a work whose pages should be devoted, exclusively, to the service of science, literature and art.—We repeat, that such has been our anxious desire, and we rejoice in the proof that we have not been wholly wanting in success. Our course will be continued in the same spirit with which it was begun, and our best powers shall be exerted to render this periodical a valuable miscellany in the estimation of the many by whom it is perused.

As it would be superfluous to allude, minutely, to the nature of a work which, should necessarily be its own herald, we shall only observe, that the discharge of our critical duties will be regulated by a sense of conscientious firmness; for, while we take delight in pointing out, for honorable notice, the many gems which are daily produced by the rising talent and increased industry so perceptible in the present age, we shall also endeavour, with the best of our ability, to direct the attention of the less experienced aspirant for future fame, to those subjects in which we may think him deficient. But this we shall do in the kindest feeling of friendly advice; for we detest and abhor any exercise of that withering sarcasm which has but too often arrested, for a time, the progress of many a student, who afterwards attained the highest pinnacle of distinction. To this we willingly pledge ourselves; for we feel, in common with all men, that perfection is the attribute of no earthly thing, and we have determined that our columns shall never be disgraced by matter which may tend to calumniate, discourage, or destroy.

THE LATE GEORGE FENNEL ROBSON, Esq.

THIS eminent artist and most exemplary man, was born at Durham, in the year 1788, and at a very early age evinced a great predilection for drawing. His first efforts in imitation were employed in copying the wood-cuts in Bewick's *Quadrupeds*, a book which he always held in the highest estimation. His father obtained for him the best instruction the city of Durham afforded, but he soon exceeded his drawing master, Mr. Harle, who candidly acknowledged the superiority of his pupil.

He came to London in 1806, at the auspicious period, when the Society of Painters in Water Colours opened their first exhibition in Brook Street. He beheld with astonishment and delight the talents displayed by Havell, Barrett, Hills, Cristall, Glover, and Varley—and with all the enthusiasm of youth, resolved to emulate the wonderful effects produced by these founders of the British School of Water Colour Painting.

He became a most assiduous and persevering student; and by the profits resulting from a print which he published of his native city, was enabled to visit the Grampian Mountains. He spent a considerable time in delineating the sublime scenery of the Scottish Alps, and the impressions then received, were never obliterated. He remembered the various tints that nature spread over

“each naked precipice,
Sable ravine, and dark abyss.”

He saw with a poet's eye, (and who can be a painter, without being a poet!)

“The summer's sun, the spring's sweet dew
That clothe with many a varied hue
The bleakest mountain's side.”

On his return from this professional tour, he published outlines of the Grampian Mountains, a work that was eminently successful. In the year 1814, he was elected a member of the Water Colour Society, and soon became a great and deserved favorite of the patrons of art. His sublime picture of solitude, will ever be remembered, and his *Pont Aberglaslynn*, and *Llyn Idwal* established his reputation as a painter in the highest walks of art. To the Society of Water Colour Painters, he was a most valuable member, for such was his industry, that he generally far out-numbered the productions of his contempo-

aries. In the years 1832 and 1833, he exhibited upwards of eighty drawings, among which, was that most wonderful production, *A View from Westminster Bridge*—when

“The sun
Had set some time, and night was on the ridge
Of twilight——”

For several years he has painted in conjunction with his esteemed friend Mr. Hills, and their combined talents have produced pictures that would do honour to any age or country.

During the summer of the present year, he accompanied Mr. Hills to the island of Jersey, and, on his return, went in a smack to Stockton upon Tees, when, in consequence of some deleterious food which he eat during the voyage, he was taken ill, shortly before his arrival at Stockton, and after lingering about a week, died, in the plenitude of his fame, at the premature age of forty-five.

Great as Mr. Robson was as an artist, he was yet greater as a man. His integrity was unsullied, his word was his bond—kind and generous in the extreme, he ever held forth a helping hand to assist a needy friend, and long will his memory be revered by those who were the partakers of his bounty. And may his brother artists learn from the conduct of this estimable man, that only those who are just can afford to be generous, and that independence can only be attained by those who are prudent.

BRITISH SCHOOL OF LIVING PAINTERS.

DAVID WILKIE, R. A.

FEW men have more justly merited their present popularity in the fine arts than the subject of this memoir. It is not our purpose to enter into a detail of circumstances tending to shew his precocity of talent, for we have never considered that quality as a test of future greatness.

Like Turner, Wilkie did not, in his youthful days, aim at producing meretricious effects of colour, or harsh contrasts of light and shade; neither did he seek for admiration in the superficial and vulgar quality of a dashing mechanical execution. But a wish to be exact and minutely correct, both in drawing and composition, a scrupulous desire to avoid any redundancy of positive colour and violent oppositions of unnatural black and white, appeared as the elements of his

early style, nor is it indeed less so in the character of those later works which he has executed, since his return from Italy and Spain. For although they are stronger and deeper in tone, yet they preserve the breadth and harmony of his earlier productions.

It does not appear that he was favored with many advantages at the commencement of his career. We have heard it stated that he was for a time employed by a picture dealer of the name of Buchanan, in whose house he resided, and for whom he copied, painted, and performed sundry tricks and devices, which are continually practised by those "cunning men." We are not disposed to quarrel with Mr. Buchanan on account of them. As a principle, the fact of dealers employing artists in the drudgery of manufacturing fac-similies of Teniers, Ostades, &c. and the whole run of black panel pictures, ostensibly to pass them off for originals, (and *originals* they are in many instances indeed !) cannot be too much condemned ; but, in the instance of Wilkie, we are inclined to overlook the heinousness of the crime, in the firm conviction that the artist was greatly benefited thereby. A mind like his, constantly surrounded when young by the best works of the Flemish and Dutch schools, which were continually passing through the hands of his employers, received a happy impression which must have operated as a powerful stimulant towards fixing his predilection for the dramatic and familiar style of art. To this and the strength of his innate genius, must be attributed the entire freedom in his paintings, from the least tincture of mannerism, or imitation of any school, or particular master whatever.

We are unable to date the precise time of Wilkie's emancipation from the hands of Mr. Buchanan, but whatever might have been the cause of his freedom, the beauty of his "Village Politicians," which was the first picture he exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1806, and the "Blind Fiddler," which appeared in the following year, would have been quite sufficient to rouse the attention of the whole country to the merits of the artist, succeeded as they were so rapidly by other works, surpassing them both in design and execution. The "Blind Fiddler" being now in the National collection, and free for the observation and inspection of every one, we shall commence by directing the reader's attention to it. In the design, the artist interests our feelings by the delineation of persons, and a scene familiar to almost every spectator. It represents the inmates of a cottage, surrounding with the greatest attention, an itinerant fiddler, whose performance acts upon them according to their difference in age, feeling, and manners. It is impossible not to be struck with the admirable method by

which Wilkie has distinguished every individual character, and the acute knowledge which he has displayed of the varied features of the human mind. Thus, in this very beautiful painting, the animation and glee of the father, who merrily snaps his fingers, and moves his body in tune to the music, so that he may attract the attention of his infant child, is a striking contrast to the quiet enjoyment and ease of the individual, whom we may be justified in calling the grandfather, whose age and declining vigour is clearly indicated by his nearness to the fire, and keeping his hands in the warmth behind him. All the delight and attention of the mother is centered in her child, as she holds it up to her husband. Again, the attention of the two children in the fore-ground is so strongly rivetted that they have desisted from their own amusements, and we see, in the neglected toys trailing behind, them a powerful instance of the correctness of the artist's eye to nature. How true is the boy mimicking the player with a bellows and poker, and the girl regarding him with mingled feelings of anger at this interruption and laughter at his ludicrous expression and grimace! There is yet another figure in this little drama to illustrate its truth, the boy crouching at the fire and holding his expanded hands at the heat. Not only is thus perceptible his own love of comfort in preference to curiosity, but the observer is enabled to define the season of the year. Even the dog is an animated partaker of the scene.

Of the Blind Fiddler and his venerable spouse it would be difficult to point out a more natural and characteristic couple. One of the most striking beauties of this work is its perfect consistency of character. Individuals of a particular class are represented without one exaggerating feature, there is nothing too palpably painted for effect; not a single article, out of place, put in to enhance mere pictorial richness. But, simple as the composition appears, it is produced by a knowledge only of the most difficult and perplexing rules of art, for one of the highest excellences an artist can attain, is the power of throwing into that which is in reality the most intricate, the semblance of ease, or the effect of chance. This painting is one of Wilkie's early works, and of course yields to his others in colour and power of execution; but to demonstrate the prior existence of a powerful artistical mind in knowledge of composition, and truth and force of expression, it cannot be accounted inferior to any of his succeeding productions. And by reason of its abounding so richly in these last great qualities the mind regrets not its feebleness of drawing, crudity of execution, and somewhat tameness of effect.

We do not think there can be a better plan for the diffusion of a proper, or correct knowledge of the merits of particular artists, than by directing public attention to such works as may be open to their free inspection. Thus we shall again direct the reader's attention to Wilkie's "Village Festival," in the National Gallery. It bears the date of 1811, a few years subsequent to the painting of the "Blind Fiddler," and tends to strengthen our opinion that the genius of Wilkie is slow, progressive, but steady and sure. He certainly does not "jump at conclusions" which in general excite only captious criticisms, or false opinion at the painter's reckless daring, but he presents to the world works, bearing in every part of them, the impression of deep study and consummate labour, but not of constrained exertion. In the "Village Festival" Wilkie has been compared to Teniers. To many individuals, whose marvellous bigotry to the "*Old Masters*," still blinds them to a due appreciation of the vast merits of the English School, such a circumstance, in their opinion, is quite sufficient encomium; but in the minds of such persons as have made it their peculiar study to ascertain the *real* cause of beauty, and the only pure spring of individual merit, it is but a partial and delusive conclusion. Wilkie is infinitely less honoured than the Dutch masters would be if compared to him. The only ground on which any comparison is at all tenable, arises from the affinity of style in the two; both aiming at the delineation of national customs and manners. The excellence of Teniers or Ostade, lies in this circumstance, that they both faithfully depicted what they *saw*! without taste or discrimination. In claiming for Wilkie a higher tribute, we are not disposed to do so by any sacrifice of truth to prejudice, by asserting that the peasants of England are in any way more particularly nice in their ideas, or orderly in their manners, than the boors of Flanders or of Holland; but the proud pre-eminence of Wilkie may be deduced from the fact, that, in portraying the rustic scenes and pastimes of his country, it is not so much his aim or endeavour to picture *every thing* which might meet his observation, as to represent those incidents under aspects pleasing and gratifying to every one; thus, in his *motives*, Wilkie is undoubtedly superior to the others, if not in the mechanical powers of the art. Whereas, on the contrary, the Dutch masters, by a blind and servile portraiture of *every thing* they saw, oftentimes create most unequalled disgust, which obliterates every feeling of admiration which otherwise the beauty of their works would in most cases create. We have scarcely ever beheld any painting, either by Teniers or Ostade, which was not tainted by grovelling obscenity. But Wilkie's

are ever free from the least approach to any thing of the kind, and surely no one can reproach them for deficiency either in truth or character.

The "Village Festival" is a scene truly homely and English, nor is it less familiar to us than the "Blind Fiddler." But it is more illimitable and comprehensive in design, and embodies more variety of character and expression than is to be found in the other. The range of characters in this work is of great extent, and there is not a single figure introduced which does not abound in the most appropriate individuality and expression; it touches upon every feeling and passion of human nature, from the extreme of joviality and pleasure, to the deep positions of grave and pathetic. The picture represents a scene which may be aptly imagined as taking place during fair-time in a country village. The whole male population are carousing in happy oblivion of all past or prospective inquietude. On looking at this picture, the eye is immediately attracted by the centre group composed of the intoxicated husband, who half willing to listen to the entreaties of his wife and child, cannot sum up resolution to tear himself from one of his merry companions who endeavours to detain him to a prolongation of their drinking bout. Drunkenness is not often a pleasant scene to contemplate, but, in the present instance, the painter has thrown into the character of the bewildered rustic, so much of good nature, irresolution, and fun, that it is in a great measure relieved from its grossness. The husband seems just in that "happy state," when the fumes of liquor have not quite steeped his senses in forgetfulness, and yet at that nice point that if another "pottle" should be indulged in, complete stupefaction would ensue; a consciousness of which fully accounts for the anxious solicitude of his wife and child: they think he has drank quite sufficient, while his companions seem as firmly of opinion that another "potation" would do him no harm. The figures of the wife and child are admirably expressed, and the spectator tacitly admits, that the idea of the painter is as richly delineated as it is exquisitely beautiful. To the right and left the scene of gaiety and merriment is uninterrupted; the host is a real English Boniface, his figure bespeaks the ease and competence of a contented mind, arising from a brisk trade and well filled tap-room, and his countenance beams with good nature; he pours out the liquor with an air of supreme complacency and satisfaction; the good qualities of which are apparent in the glow of jovial hilarity around him, though apparently taking no deep effect on himself. Every figure in the assembly assists in developing the story, none in it are inactive, or out of character with

the scene. From right to left the eye traces one continuous flow of merriment. And the touching incident in the fore-ground, of the old woman seeking out her son, her sorrowful expression at perceiving him lying extended on the ground in drunken insensibility, forms a grave but expressive moral to the whole, which seems to indicate that even amidst the most joyous scenes of life there are yet hearts and feelings but too familiar with grief and sorrow. The girl bearing a child in her arms is a happy incident, and contrasts the innocence and simplicity of childhood with the boisterous revelry and mirth of man. Altogether this is a picture which the eye never tires to contemplate, nor can the mind be insensible to the genius of the artist.

As yet we have only spoken of the intellectual qualities of this picture, we shall now say a few words on its mechanical and painter-like parts. In the "Blind Fiddler" is apparent a feebleness and indecision, inseparable from early specimens even of the greatest minds. In the "Village Festival," however, no trace of such weakness is perceptible; the drawing is free, correct, and flowing, the colouring rich and harmonious, and the whole effect brilliant and striking. In knowledge of composition, in the preservation of perfect unity, this picture can challenge comparisons with any known work by any master in a similar class. A striking feature in Wilkie is the absence of any thing common-place, vulgar, or exaggerated. Mechanical execution is here made subservient to an illustration of the higher qualities. The continued connection of every figure and group from right to left, in the back and fore-ground, displays an elaborate knowledge of art and clear perception of nature, which gives to the whole an air of reality and delusion, and which leaves nothing to be wished for.

The "Village Politicians," as we have before stated, was the first work of Wilkie which attracted public notice at the Royal Academy's Exhibition in 1806. He could not have chosen a more fitting subject for rising into notice. Independently of the congeniality of those times to such subjects, at any period a well executed picture of its nature would be sure to command attention. In Wilkie's painting, who does not immediately recognise a scene familiar both to sight and imagination? Who is there that has not seen a prototype of the violent and enthusiastic debater? The whole composition indeed is as free from caricature or exaggeration, as it is true to nature and expressive of reality. Wilkie's paintings are, generally, of that nature which appeals directly to our social affections, and rouses the softening influences and emotions of domestic life, they excite our feelings and sympathies by their close adherence to nature and by their freedom from all exaggeration, or misplaced prominence of tech-

nicality. It is not the unsubstantial and ephemeral conceit of displaying his powers as a mere painter, by which he is to be adjudged a great man, but by his success in portraying these moral and incidental actions and events of human life, which are every hour and day taking place around us, in all the strength and pathos of undisguised feeling and purity of nature, which, above all other characteristics, invest his works with the attributes and essentials of a lofty genius, and ennoble them with a worth and character which will increase, as time progresses. Of this domestic class of subjects, "Distraining for Rent," "The Rent Day," "Reading the Will," "Blind Man's Buff," and "The Penny Wedding," (and there are several others, not immediately in our recollection) are the most beautiful and correct examples. It would be almost superfluous to enter into any detail of the above mentioned paintings, as they have been so deservedly and universally admired, and so extensively diffused through the medium of engraving, both in England and on the Continent. We shall therefore at once revert to that interesting period, when our eminent painter, after traversing foreign climes and calmly studying the styles of the illustrious masters of the Continent, startled his admiring country by the adoption of a style of painting, as novel as it was powerful and expressive. Previously, however, to our so doing, we must not entirely omit mentioning the fine picture of "The Chelsea Pensioners," a painting, recording the most decisive and important event in modern history; an event which, at once and for ever, annihilated the power of a being, who as a warrior and a hero was second to none of those who have ever trod the stage of human existence,—a being at whose nod whole empires vanished, and at whose command new monarchies arose. Wilkie must have deeply felt the importance of the subject. The consciousness that all Europe, as it were, would array itself as judges, and that his own victorious country demanded a fitting portraiture of the tremendous epoch, acted no doubt as powerful incentives towards concentrating the highest powers of his mind to its accomplishment. And the effect is such, that while it more than equals the boldest expectations it is every way worthy of the great incident commemorated. Some persons perhaps may object that it does not record the *actual* event. If taken in a limited view the objection is apparently reasonable, but when we enlarge upon it and consider the painting in *relation* to the occurrence, and reflect on the diversity of feelings to which it gives rise in every English heart, we then discover what a chimera is the objection and how perishable its tenure. The beauties so pre-eminent in all his other compositions, are no less so in this,—an unaf-

fect simplicity of composition, truth of character, and powerful individuality of expression. The eye ranges over the picture, as one delightfully familiar, and we regard the veterans in the fore-ground, as so many old acquaintances. The attitude of the orderly dragoon, who has brought the news is easy, and strikingly natural. It was a happy idea of the Duke of Wellington in choosing such a subject, and however valuable he must consider the painting, as relative to his own personal history, and the glory of his family, we yet should be happy to see it in the National Collection. Wilkie was paid 1200 guineas for the painting, and a like amount by Messrs. Moon, Boys, and Graves, for the copyright. Yet what is money, mere money, in comparison to the eternal value and interest of such a gem! Having embarked so large an amount towards the expenses of the picture being engraved, and to secure themselves, in case of the least accident happening, the publishers engaged Mr. Denning, the keeper of the Dulwich Gallery, to paint them a copy in water colours, of the same size as the original, for which he received 400 guineas. Mr. Denning is an artist of great genius, and no one could have undertaken the task more fitted for its successful accomplishment. The copy is beautiful; not a touch, nor the slightest deviation is perceptible from the original. The engraving by Burnet, is an elaborate and beautiful work; but it fails in many points. In parts it is too coarse, and, on the whole, it does not convey to the eye the repose and breadth of the original; the lights in some places are too strong.

It was, we believe, sometime in the year 1826, that Wilkie left England for Italy. His country however has not suffered by his absence, for Wilkie affords a striking proof how beneficial is a wide field for observation in aid of the cultivation of the mind: for it cannot be questioned, that upon a due consideration and analysis of the two different styles of his painting, the one by which he is now distinguished is the most elevated and grand. Accustomed as the English had been to his familiar portraiture of domestic scenes, in a style admirably calculated to win the attention and admiration of all, it cannot be wondered that when first he exhibited after his return from the Continent, invidious comparisons were made, and too often ignorant conclusions adopted, without proper estimation as to the relative merits of each class of painting. It cannot be denied, that his first style is generally more pleasing and capable of being admired by every one, and that his second is rougher and bolder in character and mechanical power, but surely because the first is most familiar it is an absurdity to condemn the latter because we possibly least understand it.

After an absence, we believe, of two years, Wilkie returned to England, his mind stored with the riches of the illustrious masters of the Continent. What particular painter most attracted his study we cannot, of course, ascertain, beyond what is perceptible in the character of his recent style, and, judging by that criterion, we should say, his mind led him to the Spanish school,—Murillo, Velasquez, and Spagnoletti. The English people who had been used to regard Wilkie as the painter of domestic life, in a style simple and unaffected, viewed his Spanish sketches, first exhibited after his return, with evident surprise. Instead of the high and elaborate finish of the “Blind Fiddler,” “Village Festival,” or “Chelsea Pensioners,” the negative tone of colour, and subdued light and shade of the pictures of a “Spanish Princess washing the feet of the Pilgrims,” “Repulse at Saragossa,” “The Guerilla Chief departing for battle,” presented a character of painting not only in reverse to himself, but strikingly novel in the English School; their colouring being rich and powerful, the drawing and handling spirited, bold and energetic, the light and shade strong and effective. But with these new claims to admiration were mingled other and higher ones;—their assemblage of character and powerful expression. The change in Raphael from the crude and dry manner of his master Perugino, is not more remarkable and striking than between Wilkie’s first style, and the crowning glory of his genius, those admirable pictures of “John Knox,” and the “Two Monks, or Scene witnessed in a Convent.” While the lovers of domestic scenes, as individuals, may regret the change which has taken place, the country at large must rejoice, as it strengthens the congregation of talent and genius in the British School of Painting. The picture of “John Knox preaching” must be fresh in the memory of every visitor to the Exhibition, and never did the English nation behold a finer example of masterly painting and unequalled excellence, since the halcyon days of the illustrious Reynolds; it is a work, fit to stand with the proudest specimens of the old Continental schools. Wilkie has never been deficient, in any one instance, in character and expression, and, in this painting, how powerfully is developed his great powers in this respect! In the countenance of Knox is portrayed energy and religious enthusiasm, while his soul absorbing discourse appears to enthrall and absorb the attention of his audience. Like Paul at Athens, he stands surrounded by a crowd of every varied feeling and passion, but he rises alone; he appears before them, as in reality the elect, to reveal the truth and propound the word of God. It is a sublime picture, and not one disapproving voice has been heard against it.

The painting of the "Two Monks," recently exhibited, affords another example of Wilkie's great powers. The expression of the younger friar is intense, and deeply painful. A sin of more than ordinary blackness, seems blighting his heart, remorse and conscience overwhelm his mind, and he seeks for comfort in confession. How convulsively he clings to the old man's hand, how painfully quiver his lips, as the tale of sin drops slowly and constrainedly from them! Remorse, agony and shame are all blended in his countenance, which is met by his confessor with calmness, benevolence and encouragement; we can all but hear him pouring words of comfort and hope, to the repentant and agonised sinner. He bends with listening attention, and we fancy him as saying, "Proceed my Son," while the other falters and trembles in his confession. In the painting of the two heads and hands, Wilkie shews feeling, knowledge and power, which it becomes every artist in England to imitate and study.

We must now say a few words on the relative merits of his portraits, compared with the general style of portraiture, as practised in our school. It has been too much the feeling, not only strongly imbibed by the country, but by artists themselves, that as painters, they should only study one style of art. Nothing can be more erroneous, and no impediment has been more productive of evil, in embarrassing the progress of the British School of Painting. It must not, however, be inferred, that we wish to encourage multifarious and opposite systems among painters. But if we refer to the history of the greatest masters of the Continent, do we not find them practising all branches of the art? Look to Rembrandt; his ostensible pursuit was portrait, but where is the man who does not admire the many historical subjects, the variety of landscapes and compositions by this most magical of all painters? Behold Rubens and Vandyke, and even the divine Raphael, opposed as his portrait of Julius II. may be to conventional rules of portrait painting, who can deny its powerful character truth and expression? We dissent, therefore, from the almost general opinion against Wilkie's following portrait painting. No nation on earth perhaps is so great a slave to the dogma of arbitrary opinion and conventional rules as the English. They imagine that they are not to admire a portrait unless it be painted in a style to which their diseased and distorted fancy has been habituated; they seem to have a pre-conceived idea of what a portrait ought to be; a series of fallacies and dreams, which Lawrence has tended to generate, and his servile imitators have partially substantiated. A portrait is *not* a portrait according to the general opinion, if there be no blue sky, red

curtain, white neckcloth and velvet coat-collars, now these were the main springs of Lawrence's style, and can it be wondered, that Wilkie's deep, powerful and simply unaffected portraits should be unappreciated! Some few of our readers may recollect this painter's portrait of the old Earl of Fife, with his favorite dog; nothing so fine has been hung on the walls of the Academy since the time of Reynolds. We admit that Wilkie's portraits of the present King have not always been successful, but the difficulties arose from other sources than deficiency of power. In the full length of the Duke of Sussex he retrieves all errors; it is a rare and splendid picture, finely composed and painted in a most masterly manner.

Having now gone through the general beauties and merits of Wilkie's genius, we will conclude, with a brief analysis of his excellences and defects. It will be observed that his early paintings were executed with the utmost care and finish, and consisted of homely scenes, full of feeling and poetry, and that up to his departure for the Continent, such was his style; his chief defects were then a feebleness of outline, monotony of colouring, and flatness of effect, with a dryness of texture. The "*Blind Fiddler*," beautiful in every other respect, is yet tame and slaty in colour; in the "*Village Festival*" is perceptible a degree of advance in colouring, and decided improvement in drawing and handling. The "*Chelsea Pensioners*" was still a higher advance in richness and effect. Judging, therefore, from these, certainly no one was prepared to expect the wonderful beauty perceptible in his latter style. But it must be admitted that even now his colouring is too monotonous, and is wanting in contrast of real colour, it bears generally too brown a tone, which is perceptible in "*Knox preaching*," and the last picture of the "*Two Monks*." He also occasionally displays a want of attention in breadth of effect, and is too apt to introduce small patches of scattered lights, particularly in the group of minor articles and accessories in the last-mentioned picture. In the last portrait of the King, the manner in which firmness is given to the figure is fine, but it is at the sacrifice of much that is good. The greatest mass of light being thrown on the foreground, the eye is immediately attracted by the cap and feathers, in detriment to the consequence which the head ought to assume. The texture of his painting likewise is strongly opposed to his earlier style, being now thick, and somewhat too splashy. But these defects are comparatively unimportant, overbalanced as they are by the highest excellences of genius and art. While the mind is gratified by the portraiture of character, expression, and poetic feeling, and the eye

no where disgusted with feebleness and incorrectness of drawing, the mere mechanical qualities of art are forgotten, and can form no sufficient bar to the expression of universal admiration. Such are our feelings, and we dare affirm such also to be the opinion of the greater portion of the real admirers of fine painting.

In his official capacity, as Academician and visitor to the different schools, Wilkie exercises a severity of principle, which, if adopted by others, would greatly tend to the excellence of English art. He is most rigidly strict, in regard to the drawing of the students; and the probationers tremble for their student's ticket if they find he is to be their judge. Nor in this does he act alone, for in all his efforts for the true advancement of science, Wilkie is nobly supported by the amiable, worthy and highly talented Hilton, who, as keeper, affords him that aid which is best qualified to ensure an established purity for the British School of Painting.

In conclusion, while estimating the genius of the subject of our article, we must say that whatever may be the opinion of posterity, on the intellectual character of English artists in the nineteenth century, it can never assuredly question or deny the existence of at least a few illustrious men, among whom will be found the master name of Wilkie.

PAINTED STATUES.

WHEN the late Earl Fitzwilliam returned, after an absence of some months, to his seat at Wentworth-house in Yorkshire, while perambulating his grounds, he missed a favorite tree. The cutting it down had been a work of supererogation on the part of the gardener, surveyor, or improver, it matters little which, but so great was the anger of his Lordship, and such the nature of the offence against good taste, sense, and early association, that wishing for a moment the possession of omnipotence, the irritated nobleman declared he would use it for no other purpose than to turn the unlucky offender into an ass.

Without stopping to comment on the condition of this poor animal, whose fate seems to be a comparison with every thing that is vile or abject, we will observe that the anomaly of painting a statue might justly call down a sentence equally severe and unqualified on the party, who could convert a beautiful work of sculpture into a coloured bauble. The instance alluded to, is to be found in the statue of Sir John Cass, placed opposite the Minorities, standing in the fading hues

of his coloured honors and waiting the renewal of his scarlet gown, gold chain, and other civic habiliments. Had the preservation of this statue, been the only object of those who have so wretchedly disfigured it, they would in conformity to an economical Dutch proverb that, "paint costs nothing," have covered it with a coat of plain stone colour, the beauty of the work might have suffered, but the offence would have been less in the eye of taste than investing it with the crude and gaudy hues under which it now appears.

Be this as it may, the fate of the artist and his work is to be commiserated, in having all the chiselled execution of his well folded drapery filled up by the painter's brush, and the beautiful lines of his contour in the design of the statue destroyed by the obtrusive interference of colour. At whose door the original sin lies, we know not, but it is of long standing, and the offence against good sense and taste has fallen upon a work of an eminent and celebrated artist of his day, Roubilliac, well known for his monumental sculptures in Westminster Abbey, where his figure of eloquence in the Duke of Argyle's monument, as well as those of Hargrave, Fleming, Handel, Nightingale, and Warren, shew his transcendent powers.

Though springing from the same source, (bad taste) the Giants in Guildhall, may possibly be permitted to glare upon the sight, in their unblended and crude colours, connected as they are with recollections of civic honors, civic feasts, commercial wealth, and national prosperity. In a similar view the mind becomes attached to scenes and buildings which were familiar to our sight in early life, and on which the stamp of talent and genius appears; relics like these, should never, if possible, be removed or altered to give place to the fanciful notions of speculative men in any imagined improvement in form or character; but when time has rendered the edifice unsound or unsafe, restore it in its former designs, as in the instances of Bow Church Steeple, Henry the Seventh's Chapel, York Cathedral, &c.

But to return to the misapplication of colours as regards statues or other forms in which relief alone is sufficient to mark their character and simplicity.

Models in wax however exquisite in their execution, when the colour of flesh is introduced, with that of costume and ornament in their local tint, are so far from natural representations, that we turn from them with disgust, as baubles fit only to attract the attention of childhood or that of the uncultivated savage.

It is painting only which has the power to represent the texture of flesh or the natural appearance of objects, animate or inanimate;

while the coloured model, the nearer it approaches the size of life, is still farther removed from truth and nature. Even the Ancients, whose statues are models for imitation and standards of perfection in beauty of form, grace, and character, in some instances deviated from the purity and simplicity required in sculptured representations, by the introduction of different coloured marbles, metals, and precious stones, as may be seen in some of their busts wherein the eyes are inserted composed of the foregoing materials.

Such incongruities can never assimilate; and it may be questioned whether the Olympian Jupiter, wrought in ivory and gold, magnificent in design and sublime in character, derived any advantage from the nature of the materials of which it was composed.

In the metropolis the vice of colouring, if the expression may be allowed, glares upon the eye in every step we take. Caricatures, childrens books, and subjects of every kind are seen in shop windows, from St. Paul's Church-Yard, to Charing Cross, making our streets resemble a Harlequin's Jacket.

With this vice our early education may be said to be tainted, the eye becomes sophisticated with gaudy hues, as the palate doth with sweets, and the predilection for fine colours not only "grows with our growth and strengthens with our strength," but sometimes shews itself in instances, even of those who profess to have a knowledge of the Fine Arts. Hence our Exhibitions become a combat of colours, and the violence and glare that every where obtrudes upon the sight is more like a Lord Mayor's show with its glittering pageant, than the sober and just representations of truth and nature. It is true this Bravura of Art is often accompanied by more redeeming qualities, but it is often an *Ignis fatuus*, that misleads the understanding and perverts the taste.

An improved perception, or the art of seeing, as it may be called, is of such importance in almost all the relations of life, that it is wonderful it should be omitted in a liberal education where its advantages might be pointed out by the professor of art, and examples brought forward to illustrate the principles of painting, sculpture, &c. The effect of this knowledge, besides the enjoyment of such a faculty, would be to reform or improve whatever came under the view in dress, furniture, or building, which was found to offend against art or good sense. And although, for the sake (as before observed) of certain associations in ancient forms or costume, the hand of the improver would not interfere, yet there are some incongruities in dress that border so much upon the ludicrous, as hardly to be tolerated. An instance of this absurdity will be found in the garb of the chorister

boys of the Chapel Royal; where may be seen children in the masquerade of old men, in the fashion of our great-great-grandfathers, with cocked hats, long skirted red coats, long flapped waistcoats, blue stockings, and, to crown all, a clerical band under the chin.

Hard and severely would the painter's skill be tasked to put such monstrosities into any thing like a pictorial character, what chance would he have to follow the axiom laid down in art. "What in a painting may offend, the painter throws discreetly into shade."—Alas! all must be toned down, and reduced to a speck like the spot of light, as seen in the exaggerated obscurity of some of Rembrandt's pictures, or rather in those copies which pass for his works.

Why this libel, as it may be called, on the human form, this ill assorted dress of the Chapel Royal choristers, has not been swept away with other violations of good taste, must appear strange in this our day of improvement, as well in art as in science. Some curiosity may reasonably arise in the mind, to know at what period, and to whom, we owe this burlesque character of clothing.

The yeomen of the guard and the boys of Christ's Hospital retain their costume, and though differing entirely with our day and fashion, neither offend the taste nor disturb the eye of the amateur or the artist. In the benevolent design of the latter, and the character of the former, we recognize a period of great interest in the history of our country.

With reference to the dress of the Chapel Royal boys, it is much to be wished that the arts, which have done so much for the stage in reforming its costume and improving its scenic decorations, had extended their influence in correcting this perversion of taste.

Speaking of the stage at a time when absurdities and anomalies in dress, similar to those just alluded to appeared, the ingenious writer, Richardson, in his *Essay on the Theory of Painting*, observes; "And what is more considerable, the stage never represents things truly, especially if the scene be remote and the story ancient. A man that is acquainted with the habits of antiquity, comes to revive or improve his ideas relating to the misfortune of *Œdipus*, or the death of *Julius Cæsar*, and finds a sort of fantastical creatures, the like of which he never met with in any statue, bas-relief, or medal; his just notions of these things are all contradicted and disturbed. But painting shows us these brave people as they were in their own genuine greatness and noble simplicity."

The folly in stage costume continued long after the time of
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Richardson, and it is hardly possible to imagine, since our present improvement in these matters, that such violations of truth and history could have existed at a time when the powerful acting of a Garrick and a Clive led the mind captive; or, that the eye should remain passive and content to see Macbeth played in the court dress of George III.; and so on of other characters in plays foreign in country, or remote from the period they represented.

Nor does it in every case appear, as Richardson would infer, that painting characters and persons in their true habits and costume is always observed. The French school, with the exception of some of their artists, in the reign of Louis XIV., such as Le Seur, Le Brun, and N. Poussin, have done as much violence to good taste and good sense, in their graphic representations as the stage, whether in this or their own country; for instance, there is a series of prints of the "Prodigal Son" in which the characters appear in the dress of the period, with long skirted coats, full bottomed wigs, embroidered waistcoats, &c. in utter violation of the subject, the times in which it was given, and the exalted style of art in which it ought to have been portrayed:

Such anomalies will be abundantly found in the Flemish and other schools of painting, of which some future number of this work may probably speak.

ANTIQUITY OF THE FAMILY OF OPIE.

To the Editor of Arnold's Magazine of the Fine Arts.

SIR,

So cordially do I echo the assertion of Sir Godfrey Kneller, "that men of Genius are God Almighty's nobility," that I have, I own, comparatively, but little respect for the many coloured coat of heraldic honors, when placed in juxtaposition with the unfading gems won by the vigorous efforts of mental heroes. There are, however, but too many, even in this enlightened age, who measure the quota of reverence which they vouchsafe to their fellow mortals, rather by the length of their rent roll, or by the ramifications and height of their genealogical tree, than by the homage due from less gifted souls to those bright emanations of ethereal light, which from time to time blaze forth on our dazzled eyes in our journey to ano-

ther and a better world—to instance one only among the many—the immortal Opie—

"The Cornish Boy in Tin mines bred."

constituted an indigestible difficulty to those who looked back upon the humility of his origin and employment, instead of forward to the glorious name he had created, and the diploma of true nobility he had won for himself. To such dissectors as gaze not with admiration on the rich full tide of life-blood as it gushes pure from the heart that throbs beneath the impulse of genius, but stay its course to scan with microscopic curiosity its title to flow from the ancient fountains of our race; to such I say—the following scattered hints may be satisfactory, and dispose them, instead of dipping into the *Tin mines* for their ratio of respect to the memory of a noble son of art—to hail him rather as a Phoenix rising from the smouldering ashes of penury and misfortune, by the vigorous principle of regeneration fanned by the magic breath of genius. It is true that he was sought as a wonder, much in the way that the prize ox, or the learned pig, or any other *monstrosity* is followed by sagacious John Bull in his marvel-hunting mania—The first fresh bloom of novelty brushed off by the rude examiners, they think no more of the intrinsic value of the fruit and cast it aside as worthless—unless indeed the birth and pedigree of the parent stock be found such as to merit the continued notice of the fashionable and haughty. Mr. Cunningham, in his *Life of Opie*, has perpetuated a misnomer of his family designation on the "ipse dixit" of the satirist Walcot, whose assertions he himself allows "should be received with caution." How far provincial pronunciation may have originated the substitution of *Oppy* for *Opie*, I cannot determine, but as by *registral* authority the painter was, to all intents and purposes entitled to the last, I conclude that Walcot, willing to have as much share as possible in the introduction of so rare a genius, left nothing untried to enhance the value of his own patronage in the eyes of the painter. That however, is of very little importance—I have been led to these researches by having accidentally met with a cousin of the artist in question, who bears the very strongest resemblance to his celebrated relative that it is possible for one man to bear to another without being positively *individualized* or identified with him, being so remarkably similar in the features of his countenance, complexion and manners, that he might well be passed for his twin brother. John Opie, R. A. was born, it is well known, in the parish of St. Agnes, near Truro. Anthony is a native of the parish of

Kenwyn which adjoins and forms part of the town of Truro. He was a frequent guest at the house of the artist's parents, and attended his mother to the grave, when, "full of years and of honours" this worthy woman was laid in her "narrow house." To the father of Anthony, John bequeathed £300, but this sum was disputed from some informality, and much of it was squandered in litigation. On referring to the orthography of the artist's *supposed* name at the head of Mr. Cunningham's life, Anthony indignantly declared it to be altogether a mistake, producing at the same time a certificate of his own baptism wherein the name was *Opie*, and assuring me that he had never till then seen it spelt otherwise. He ascribes the early developement of his celebrated cousin's powers of mind to his holiday visits to the quays of Truro and Falmouth, where the novelty and variety of the objects he beheld roused his dormant faculties, and made him emulous of fame which should extend beyond the confines of a saw-pit.—There is much in "the magic of a name," though we are told that "the rose, by any other name would smell as sweet."—As, however, *Opie* unquestionably springs paternally, as well as maternally, from some of the oldest families of Cornwall, let us with antiquarian diligence examine some of the data to be found in her archives. *En passant*, we may observe that the West Saxons, as the indigenous inhabitants of Devon and Cornwall may be termed, are sturdy defenders of their hereditary honours, and the families, not only of the titled sons of these remote counties, but the gentry and respectable yeomanry, will maintain their claim to antiquity equally with that to loyalty; to the last their right is indeed indisputable.

The family above-named, whose cognomen has been written *Opye* and *Opie*, according to the orthography of the centuries in which they flourished, has existed for several hundred years in Cornwall, and also at Plymouth in Devon. On a brass plate in the church of St. Minver, in Cornwall, the antiquary will perceive that "Roger Opye, son of Nicholas Opye, and Elizabeth Carminowe, his wife, (daughter of John Carminowe, and his wife Philippa, one of the coheirresses of John Trenowith of Pentongollan, who died in the reign of Henry VII.) was there interred in 1517." From the *Opyes* of St. Minver sprung several branches which flourished at Park in Egloshayle—Pawton, in St. Breock—Penhergard, in Kelland—and at Rame. An heiress of *Opie* of Redruth married — Michell, whose representative is Dr. Taunton, of Truro. A younger branch settled in the adjoining parish of *St. Agnes*, where some of the family were living in 1820. The *Opies* had long been wealthy and respect-

able, but misfortunes had reduced them to poverty and insignificance before the birth of the painter, whose sterling merits were destined to wreath the name with honours far brighter than those bestowed by the adventitious possessions of wealth. The arms of Opie are Sable—on a cheveron argent, three acorns gules—between three wheatsheafs-proper—Crest a demi Stag, springing and endeavouring to draw an arrow from its heart—proper. It is well known that the ancestors of John Opie were respectable on the mother's side also. She was descended from the Tonkins, one of whom, Thomas Tonkin, of Trevaunance, made considerable progress in the study of antiquity, and arranged materials for a continuation of "Carew's Survey of Cornwall." His MSS., however, were not published at the time, and having got into various hands, were scattered and lost. The relics thereof have been published by Lord de Dunstanville, of late years, as *notes to "Carew's Survey."* Arms of Tonkin, Sable—an Eagle displayed—Or—Crest a Leopard's head cabossed proper—Motto,

"Frennol Tra Tonkein—Oüna Dieu—Mahtern Un."

In the south aisle of Rame church stands a large marble monument to the memory of John Battersby, Esq. of that place, who married Grace, daughter of Nicholas Opie, Esq. of Plymouth, and died July 27, 1672. Both were interred in this church. Stephen Treville, of this parish, merchant, married a daughter of Opie and was interred here in 1648. Park—in the parish of Egloshayle, the ancient seat of the Peverells, Bottreaux and Opies—now the property of Sir A. O. Molesworth, Bart. The arms of Opie are to be seen in some of the apartments carved in stone. Penhergard—in the parish of Kelland—a seat of the Opies—sold by Thomas Opie, in 1657, to Thomas Hoblyn—Blisland Manor-house, in the parish of Blisland, forfeited to the Crown in the reign of Henry VII. Sold in succession to the Parkers, Reynoldses, Spreys, and Opies.

Pawton, in St. Breock. In the time of Charles II. this was sold by — Opie and Hobbs, to Sir W. Morrice, for £1600. The Barton continued in the Opie family till 1701, when Mr. Nicholas Opie sold it to Vincent. The Barton of Ennis—another ancient seat of the Opies, lies in the parish of St. Erme, four miles from Truro.

Should the foregoing particulars prove interesting to those of your readers who remember Opie's manly simplicity and regardlessness of high descent, they are entirely at their service. Many of our veterans in art must have enjoyed personal intercourse with this gifted man. One at any rate may be named, Sir M. A. Shee, whose Monody on

the death of the artist does credit alike to his head and heart.—I am surprised to see such scanty notices of the paintings of Opie preserved in his native county. This seems to exemplify the words "a prophet is not without honour, save in his own country, &c. &c." Of his memorable visit to Pawston, the fruits are extant in Place House, the seat of the Prideaux, both in the apartments and on the staircase.—In Port Eliot, St. Germain's, is a portrait by Opie of John, Earl St. Germain's, in his Baronial Robes.—In Tregothnan Park.—St. Michael Penkevil, are two paintings by Opie, viz.—"The Burning of the French Admiral's Ship L'Ocean off Cape Lagos in 1750."—and "The taking and burning of the French Ships by the English Boats, under the walls of Louisburgh in 1758."

I am Sir, yours obediently,

ALIIQUIS.

SIR,

The enclosed was found among the papers of a young friend of mine (an artist) lately deceased, whose state of mind was such as is but too clearly indicated by the rhapsody it contains. The dry style of the early German schools and some modern imitations, the gorgeous and unbridled vigour of the Rubens school, the seductive style of the Paphian painters, the harrowing and immoral tone of overstrained imagination, and, ultimately, the pure imitation of Nature, are here displayed to all who, like Pyramus and Thisbe, can whisper their meanings through a dead wall. To those who choose to build this obstacle without a sympathetic crevice, must be left the miasmatic monotony of irretrievable stupidity. Although the following is the production of a madman, there is, to my mind, much in it that may be of profit to artists, for it often happens, that amidst the hallucinations of insanity, there are many truths and allusions which men in their senses may turn to account.

THE VISION OF A MANIAC ARTIST.

PLUNGED into that state of feeling which mimics thought a state derived from, vague conceits and mazy combinations of spectral intuitions, assuming, at the same time, a mien of rationality which feeds on the deception alone, unsupplied by the supersentient fount—plunged, deeply plunged, into this gulph of vacuity, with as little

written & think by Layle

power to retreat as to advance, my brain momentarily discarded the incubus, and perception crept once more through the varied channels of its ephemeral, yet ever renewed existence, until the revived spirit of receptive life startled consciousness from its slumber and rescued identity from oblivion. My freshened vision leaped to another world, my heart smiled in its joyous current, and the simplicity of life's dawn passed fragrantly through my senses, enabling me to breathe volumes of ecstasy in the new reign of peace and beauty. My former senses had closely penned me up in a dim and unsettled atmosphere. I saw but felt not beauty. Now I seemed possessed of more inlets of enjoyment, and every object greeted my sight with intense meaning; it seemed as though my mind had acquired a talismanic power of diffusing identity totally different from my former simple power—that of detecting distinctions—one more binding, more conclusive, and more indelibly impressed. I seemed to impart beauty to every object, as much as every object yielded an instinct of pleasurable emotion to me. A voice whispered within me "This is a new faculty of the mind." I besought my unseen monitor to speak further, for that I was ignorant of any change except a sense of buoyancy, arising probably from the depression of my preceding state of being. "Be not mistaken," said my wiser self to my curious self, "thou hast acquired a new and distinct power, one proceeding from thy former state of mind, exalted by combinations subtle and beautiful. Thou hast the power of appreciating Beauty and of retaining in perpetuity the identity of objects which were before fleeting and evanescent. Thou hast now the powers of Poetry and Painting: employ them well, and they will embellish thy existence;—employ them ill, and they" * * * the sentence was not concluded. Whether I heard not, or the oddity of my self lecturing myself having struck myself, my own voice had ceased, I know not, but alone know that I was overjoyed at the possession of these sublime faculties, and determined at once to dash into my new existence. My first sensations were almost burthensome; the weight of my satisfaction gave me an unpleasant lightness, feeling, although pregnant with fresh created hopes and powers, void of stability and inclined to soar away from the scene of my future bliss. There was radiance in my blood, it leaped along its canals, while the reservoir heaved its merry valves in concert with its gambols. I felt as happy as sunbeams dancing on the ocean, and I smiled a May meeting to Nature as my eyes kissed dew from the freshening breeze. It was pure ecstasy—a lifetime of passionless passion in a single breath without past or future,—a radiant present

snatched from Time, gilded with hopes realized without the consciousness of having anticipated them. It was a oneness of perfection—a totality of bliss. A cloud passed over my spirit and veiled my pleasures—an anxiety peeped from my very soul and struck my brain with its impalpable weapon. I had keen enjoyment, but it was indeterminate;—so vague as to annul activity: it was a sweet death—an eye without a pupil—a sun without a ray. I had felt largely blissful, but not intently happy; I had flown about in aromatic space, inhaled blossom-zephyrs, gasped for vague delight, but had lighted on no flower, had felt no acuteness of reality; I had had a general amnesty of individuality—had known no unity in the monotony of my omniscient existence. “There was no direction in thy mind” whispered my innermost self with anxiety. I thanked myself cordially for the truth, and determined to pursue Nature determinately to individualize. I appointed my Mind Commander in Chief of my improved state, making two Lieutenants to receive impressions; these were Time and Space, determining to confine my future views to these receptivities. All was now order; link after link was established, confusion in flying, left enjoyment modified not counteracted; the flow of vitality seemed as strong but not so boundless; I enjoyed a sensible happiness, one that pleaded why and wherefore, my reason shook hands with Nature and delivered her over to the embrace of Taste, a coadjutor in my new scheme; an officer seemingly sprung from my former intense, but misguided self, now reduced to a plausible and pleasing mode of expression. It was the honey of my vigour, and had great command with the outward bounds of my consciousness; it tipped objects with radiance, melted inequalities and appeared like an ubiquitous smile.

Still with the possession of the requisites of my determinate existence, I had as yet only walked round them—it was their turn to perambulate Nature and enter into fellowship with Cause to engender the consequence Effect. I loosed them from my central self, and waited their return, but they returned not: from each conjunction in analysis, they derived a fresh identity; reflexes illumined my out-bound powers, and conflicts of minutiae took place. I was no longer the possessor of my individual self: I retained my consciousness, yet scarcely knew how: I only felt my self by my inlets of sensation, and they were filled with changes as rapid as decided.

Still there wanted something to make my mind determinate in its enquiries. I had the power but moved not: I timidly put out my feelers and journalized a few conflicting effects. I determined boldly

to advance in ideality; so, summoning my perceptive, retentive, and judging powers, I set out to effect a Choice. I need not disclose the heedless arrogance of my primary attempt at fixing the station of my powers—the facility with which mountains moved at my unerring determination, yet mole-hills startled me—the anomalous mingling of weakness and strength—a weakness organic and depressive—a strength hypothetical and inflammatory—the one a lamp to my feet illumining but a small portion of earth—the other a will o' the wisp conclusion, unassured, because doubtful of tenure, yet arrogant, because consciously masculine. In short it was the unproved existence of an infant who grasps distance and boggles at approximated matter, who has the means of future life but is hemmed into an intangible consciousness.

“If thou would'st learn to know objects indefinite, exert the latent capability of analysis,” (whispered my self-core, my bisect-superior) “Objects are masses of intelligible matter to intelligibility alone, to the scrutinizer is essential Nature unveiled, he penetrates into no forbidden recess, but dissevers Unity into its modes of imperfect existence, it divaricates *matter*, (the inherent property of the primary effect of creation, and primary cause of intellectual and physical conclusions,) from *form* (a characteristic superadded by the verdant mind to ensure identity and engender adaptation.) It then with a magical, yet untraced tie, links matter and form together by the third agent in the intellectual scheme, (that necessary connection between necessary portions of a whole which with a more subtle existence than other mental qualifications, stamps itself more vividly upon the sensible world by its intense vigour, yet suffers its nature to be vaguely hinted at, but never known, when the end of organism knells its dissolution.)” This was the longest unspoken speech I had yet made to my active self—I say that I had made, for although I believe it to have been a spiritual agency—a floating correctness of principle, yet it was so intimately associated with my sentient powers, that I usurped its value and stamped my own effigy on the coin.

I determined then to compare objects and to go forward to seek the means. I had hitherto stood still, expecting images as they were wafted on the breeze of ideality, to hitch upon my receptivities, but soon discovered how vague such a monotonous, yet unconcentrated study became. I therefore stirred the feet of my resolution and progressed.

My soles became parched and thirsted for the cool clenching of a humid soil,—my breath lost its elasticity: it had a demure vent, less an expansion than an out-creeping. My brain sank into an autumnal

tint, and my eyes neither sparkled with intelligence nor leaped with joy. I felt a twilight, without its charm; a suppression of vitality, without repose, and there was a quaker-like retention of all my bounding energies. Nature lost her florid bloom; she seemed probably formed, but devoid of Grace. The atmosphere lost its radiance and assumed a rigid expression: it no longer beamed with light, or seemed an azure veil to a Temple beyond; the mountains were clad in severity and sterility,—the trees were constrained, yielding to no breeze with exquisite subtlety; they smiled not as Nature tipped them with the colours of Peace, and mingled not their amorous branches in holy union; they had lost the varied trivial beauties which were wont to add to their charm; they appeared full grown trees, the offspring of a noble stock, deserted by their pervading influence of beauty and sustenance. "But," cried I, "if the vegetable reign has suffered, how much more has the reasonable portion suffered. How fallen from his high estate!" The inhabitants of this dry region were reserved and rigid in demeanour, a characteristic stimulated by their ungenial natures palpably developed in their forms, they seemed stunted in their proportions—not so much in height as in amplification, being shrivelled into the semblance of anatomical preparations, each was a prepared humanity, with more indications of the making-up means employed by sub-stratean Nature than was genial to the mystery-loving-mind, or consonant with the ideas of generalized individuality. They were quaint devices of mortality cast in some by-gone imperfect mould with the ingredients of pleasant perfection wanting. They seemed not to live in their ideas, but were apparently bent up in the contemplation of their triune imperfection; they spoke without that animation, from the inside to the outside—that leap of a spirit preceded by intonation: they were at times agitated eternally, but not more vitally than the sails of a windmill, an effect proceeding more from some muscular shock than from intellectual electricity. They were clad in quaint garbs, meanly fashioned, through which their anatomized forms were detected, presenting walking lectures each on the same subject.

"These are not fit food," thought my best self for my poetical and pictorial powers, "unless I borrow a satire from one and a caricature from the other." As I arrived at this conclusion, my soles regained their tension, and I sailed along the earth with willingness. A land of milk and honey soon melted in my sight and squeezed the juice of comfort into my expectant mouth. The landscape appeared, after the last or rather first I encountered, a parody on exuberance,

a bloated fertility. One felt inclined to lie on the ground and roll over and over to distil its verdure and aroma—to inhale at every pore the multiform sweets glowing in an intense sunlight. Shouts of laughter assailed my ear—revelry seemed bursting through the gleaming air to reach some aerial fount of enjoyment,—invisible flocks of *Comus-horn-companions* appeared tripping on the blue sward of ether to some ever flowing rill of nectar distilled from a tender cloud by a pressing rainbow. Sight however dispelled these vagarious conclusions, and forms as different to the dry ones I had just left, as was the present landscape to the former, bounded before my distended vision.—“Hillocks of flesh and mountains of roses” redundant vigour, overcharged voluptuousness, exuberant gorgeousness, and uncontrollable anticry were melted into harmonious masses by the fire of unrepressed passion. Here and there a tender bud timidly peeped forth into the genial region, but with an almost instantaneous fertility leaped into a glowing existence; tenderness imbibed the taint of lasciviousness; vigour became a bully, and hate a demon: all seemed to bear an extra impress—Nature seemed to have breathed over the scene in a spirit of revelry—when May wooed to love and the skies dropped fragments of celestial bliss from the Olympian banquet. It was a flaw in the scheme of peace and beauty,—a momentary delirium, the inspired strain of the Delphian which was too vehement to last, yet was often repeated. It was the sort of thing of which one was tempted to say it cannot be, yet was more enchanted to find possible than to feel otherwise, although it elbowed truth. There seemed a commonwealth of joy and all the materials, costumes and minutiae of this strange scene appeared borrowed with unscrupulous profusion from all ages, nations and individuals. There seemed more Genius than Prudence or Conscience, yet there was an air of such command in the whole scene that reproach was inanity, and dictation impertinence. Still my better self chastised my ordinary circumstance-seeking-self with all parental anguish as it foresaw the possibility of my being tempted to join this uproarious crew.

Onward I pressed, and onward pressed the spirit of beauty that tipped all around, but the scene gradually lost its vigorous charm, conception seemed thwarted in its stretch as it had accommodated itself to the boundless imagery I had just witnessed—all about me faded into a fainter lustre; it was still beautiful, but the Graces seemed to have taken possession of this delicate territory. The air became sultry and enervating, and Nature seemed coquetting with Sense: groups of amorous beauties were disposed on the margins of chrystal

streams, in shady bowers, under marble porticoes of wondrous beauty, in all the variety of Love's Calendar when loosened from civilized decorum. There was a oneness of meaning in all that was thought, said, or done; the mind tried to forget itself in dulcet communion.

"It is not with such as these," hinted my innate floating principle, "that the devotee of refined arts would like to dwell. It is too exciting to verdure, too fragile to inspire with noble sentiments, this mongrel ideality of abstract love. No! No! Pass on to the more varied attributes of the reasoning soul, to the condensed variety which composes the grand whole of reality—the ultimate good—the Peroration of Art."

My steps imperceptibly accelerated, and my manner became wild and incoherent as the sky pledged its lustre for a terrible veil of black which it cast over the whole arch, save where a lurid gleam spoke like a prophet in a dark age, and struck me as a lamp held out to Horror's step as it advanced giant-like over a half world. The air became sullen, and moaned aloud between fits of moody madness, it felt black as it clammily clang to my quivering cheek, it seared my eye-sight, and crept through my brain like a nest of young scorpions gambolling in a lightning flash. Lugubrious sounds rode on the funereal atmosphere, and the gloomy thunder rolled its kettle-drums in an agony of rage as it tried to rend asunder the black marble sky, to insult the tranquil azure which reposed peaceably above it. An incensed mineral pit blazed forth its blue and red flames to light a band of frolicsome imps in their mazy dances. Further on was the glare of a torch made of human fat and brains, stuck in a female skull with the scalp fresh reeking from the knife, and the hair floating about to catch the drippings of this choice light ere it soiled the prudish earth. Gazing on a human being, stretched on a complicated frame of tortures, was a man-monster of huge proportions, a lazar-house metempsychosed into a pestilential demon, looking like a living dreadful death—an ultimate agony embodied. Dissolution seemed at work in various parts of his putrid form, his ghastly lineaments were in parts parchment-like stretched over bone—in others leaping with its bosom-worms which sparkled with a thousand jewelled lights from the precious torch. As he rose from his seat, my eye fell on it:—Oh! it was dainty indeed! A blackened, strangled child, formed the cushion, the ligaments in places had given way, the peritoneum had played the dastard and let its young prisoners loose from their dungeon: the legs of this choice seat were human bones, fringed with tattered membranes. A beast, fourth dragon, fourth seal, fourth alligator, and fourth buffalo

uttered a fearful yell, as Corruption dropt an atom from the demon form into the torch, and a hell-hound concert was struck up by metallic voices, which belched forth from underground, dying groans and living shrieks of agony being by particular desire of Despair and his brother Diamay, who were crouched in a gloomy corner, the former tortured by little poignant flames which stole in and out of his pores—the latter crumbling in abjectness and writhing.

In one corner was the den of Famine, where each ate the other and imagined him afresh to gnaw his entrails again. A brother had just consumed his elder all but an arm which he brandished in a threatening manner. One moving skeleton was attacking his own bones, another was rattling his fellow to death—the death of an all-but-ossified statue. Murder stalked across the scene dropping pools of blood and clotted membranes, while a poor haggard witch was washing her hands in a mixture of gore and flame.

I had hitherto been rivetted to this disgusting scene, had experienced a sort of pleasure in all its atrocities, when my purer self tapped my outward depravity, and my sense grew healthy perceptibly. "Gracious powers"! exclaimed I, "is it possible that I could have degraded my poetical and pictorial mind with such sights? No, such is not the sphere of art." All had vanished, when I found my nobler nature—my choice monitorial self more commingled with my inferior perceptive self, than had before been the case. Aspiration touched my brain, and Purity smiled on my lips as the darkness vanished and with it its fiendish legions. Nature cast her purple on her imperial form, the diadem of Chaste Beauty gleamed on her front, and her offspring walked abroad in simple majesty. I was surrounded with a galaxy of brightness. Unequivocal Goodness beamed comfort around. Magnanimity shone in the sun as a leo-born mortal bears traces of its origin. Piety mildly glided by in modest meditation. Charity in her eternal walk of beneficence unostentatiously passed. Power as she relieved the oppressed from burthens. All in fact was in blossom, and universal radiance buoyantly leaped in the sunny air. Olympus glowingly touched the golden orb, Parnassus, clad in cool grey, lay on the bright horizon, Castalia's fount, Lethe's stream, the verdant Arcadia,—all lay expanded before my enraptured eyes. "Thou hast at length reached thy mansion of rest," said myself to my now one-self, "the apex of sublimity is the goal of Hope, Virtue is that apex, discard the under current of the soul lest it wash away noble Intent as in Lethe."

NEGLECTED BIOGRAPHY.

JOHN BOYNE, Painter in Water Colours.

Do none of your readers, friend Arnold, remember some dozen years ago, peeping into Cribb's shop in Holborn—not his of milling memory, but Cribb's the carver and gilder—to view his prints? Cribb was frame-maker to Sir Joshua Reynolds, whom he called *Sir Josh*, and I had from him many stories of the worthy knight;—and do not some of your readers remember looking in at his window when it was adorned with Brigg's "Saturday Night," where were "the dear Children being Washed," "The Visit to Old Nurse," and other productions of the artist's pencil, which, if not approved of by the profound critic, afforded ample pleasure to the mammas and grand-mamas of this period? But in this window were some drawings in water colour also (a branch of art then in its infancy) executed in a superior style; heads from Shakspeare's plays, which delighted both amateur and connoisseur: and these were by an artist whose name has scarce appeared in type, and whose memoir is now, for the first time, printed.

John Boyne was a native of the Emerald Isle: he was born in the county of Downe, about the year 1759. His father originally followed the trade of a joiner, but afterwards held for many years a situation in the Victualling Office at Deptford, from which situation he retired on a pension as superannuated; and lived with his son John until the day of his death. When Boyne came to England with his father, he was about nine years of age: he was afterwards apprenticed for *fifteen** years to Mr. William Byrne, a native of Ireland, and both uncle and master to the late celebrated engraver of that name. He served out this time, it is said, faithfully, though his volatility of disposition led him into many scrapes and errors. Mr. Byrne, his master, dying about the expiration of his apprenticeship, young Boyne, for a short time, applied himself to business as his successor; but as the confinement necessary to his success was too much for his buoyant spirit, he soon threw up the advantages of the connection, although it was one by which, with care and industry, his predecessor had realized the sum of one thousand five hundred pounds. The morals of Boyne now became contaminated. He lounged in an evening at Bagnigge Wells and other places of vicious entertainment; and at length sold all his tools. After this he

* Is not this a mistake, or was it usual to apprentice engravers for an extra length of time, for the exclusive benefit of the master?—Ed.

suddenly decamped and joined a company of strolling players near Chelmsford, where he enacted some of Shakspeare's characters, and assisted in a farce called "Christmas." In this situation he wrote a prologue and some small pieces for the advantage of his fellow Thespians, but of these he kept no account except the prologue, which, it is believed, was sent to the "London Magazine." In consequence of these exertions of literary talent, he was considered as a great character by the whole of his associates, who, of course, endeavoured, by every means in their power, to induce him to remain, since he so materially contributed to their necessities. Tired, however, of a routine of life which afforded him but a modicum of pecuniary profit, and visited, probably, by some of those whisperings of conscience from which even the most reckless are not entirely free, he seemed now resolved to turn his talents to more regular and lucrative pursuits. He returned to London in the spring of 1781, and taking lodgings in Shoe Lane, and availing himself of the versatility of his powers, commenced the occupation of pearl-setter, in which business he highly excelled. His employer was a Mr. Flower of Chichester Rents, Chancery Lane, with whom he entered into articles for three years, and on very advantageous terms. Whether he strictly adhered to those terms we are not informed. He afterwards became master of a drawing-school, first in Holborn, and afterwards in Gloucester Street, Queen Square, where he had for his pupils Messrs. Holmes and Heaphy, artists who are now an honour to the profession. Boyne married, and although it was with the consent of his father, his union was not a happy one. A son, the issue of this marriage, was however, a highly respectable individual. The mother survived our artist. It appears that our artist had some small pretensions to literary celebrity, and, had he been as fond of acquiring knowledge as he was of a frolic, these pretensions might have been allowed. The following is a specimen of the latter predilection. During the time Boyne was in the habit of passing to and from Shoe Lane, he so severely lampooned a baker, who had ridiculed him and his friends, that he eventually obliged the inconsiderate tradesman to vanish. The means he used for this purpose was a most forcible caricature, which he sketched and engraved, and had the prints exposed in the windows of the neighbourhood. The baker died some years since in Bloomsbury Market. Boyne engraved many caricatures; and usually spent four or five pounds a week, though he paid but eighteenpence for his lodgings, and was in the constant employment of Mr. Flower above alluded to, and others. Yet he was always poor. His

custom was to hire a horse on a Sunday, and of course, it is not to be wondered at, if when Monday came, he found a serious defalcation in his purse. A public-house in West Harding Street was his *locale*, and there he entered himself, although a very clean man, a member of the "Dirty Shirt Society." Boyne wrote several pieces in the old London Magazine, then published by Bent, and the following is a specimen of his abilities in this way. It was written and attached to a caricature, which, it is believed, he called *Cacabus*. "The above sketch is said to be a tolerable representation of a voracious animal supposed to have been engendered among the embers of a tavern kitchen, or the lees of a wine cellar. Naturalists consider it a non-descript; but, from its temperament and insatiable appetite, have named it *Cacabus*. Many respectable characters, from a sympathy rising out of comparative terms, have considered it as partaking of the human species, but this is proved to be erroneous, as the creature cannot be domesticated, is utterly incapable of attachment, and is as irritable as a hedge-hog, though, for the gratification of its passions, or the attainment of its food, it will fawn like a spaniel. This animal is exceedingly filthy, and the noxious vapour that emanates from its mouth is so intolerably offensive as to have destroyed the harmony of a respectable company, who imprudently placed it at the bottom of the table, for the purpose, it is supposed, of viewing it in the light which some authors have considered the *Oran Outang*, a sarcasm on the human race; or, in other words, a being in whom the habits that disgrace our nature are so strongly marked, that with the poet we may say,

'Vice is a monster of so foul a mien,
That to be hated needs but to be seen.'

Among the more lengthy productions of the subject of this memoir, was "a letter to Richard Brinsley Sheridan, Esq. on his late proceedings as a member of the Society of the Freedom of the Press." For this work he received ten pounds from an anonymous correspondent. He also wrote, "Observations on French Politics and a Justification of the Present War"—and "Touchstone, or a Defence of those Artists who are lashed by Peter Pindar."

Of his productions, as an artist, we know but little: his principal drawings, heads from Shakspeare's plays, we have alluded to at the beginning of this article. They were tinted and spiritedly drawn. Another of his productions in the arts was "Assignment;" "A Sketch to the Memory of the late Duke of Bedford," said to possess

much merit; "The Muck Worm" and "The Glow Worm," heads in the style of those from Shakspeare, exhibiting portraits of a miser and a voluptuary. His "Meeting of Connoisseurs," engraved in stipple by Thomas Williamson, possesses much humour; it represents the interior of a painter's garret, and a party criticising on a whole-length of the Apollo, for which an athletic, tall, and nearly naked African is standing with a broom to steady himself. A short critic is standing on tip-toe to push up the chin of the negro, so as to bear a closer resemblance to the Apollo: a little gentleman is stooping before the canvass, and comparing the figures, while the unfortunate artist himself is shoving the leather end of his maul-stick into his mouth, to prevent possibly his answering with too much acerbity the impertinent criticisms of a beau and an old connoisseur. This production, which is more in the style of Bunbury than of Rowlandson, is now before us; we have also a drawing by him, representing the style of fashion of men for three centuries and a portrait of himself, which is much at the service of the proprietors of the *MAGAZINE OF THE FINE ARTS*, to engrave.*

Boyne died, June 22, 1810, at his house in Penton Place, Pentonville, and was interred in the burial-ground of St. Pancras, being a Roman Catholic, as was his brother also, who was educated for a priest and entered the order of Capuchins in Paris. Some years after he went to Paraguay† in South America, returned to France after the Revolution, and from thence to England.

The following epitaph, by E. R. Chichely, a friend of his, was written but never used:—

"Let vernal bards invoke the muse's lay,
And flattering living vice this homage pay:
'Tis mine to pour these unaffected streams
Sincere, respectful, o'er a friend's remains.
Frank, open, generous of soul, his mind
Harbour'd no thought to injure human kind;

* Our correspondent is thanked for his politeness, but, though willing to make due allowance for the eccentricities of genius, we are of opinion that the course of life pursued by the subject of the above memoir was too gross to have entitled him to any such distinction; particularly as he has not exhibited the redeeming merit of that undeviating attachment to, and surpassing excellence in his art, which appeared to justify us in presenting our readers with the portrait of a low degraded sot like George Morland.—Ed.

† It is presumed that this visit to Paraguay refers to the brother, but our MS. is written in so loose a style as to render it difficult to determine.—Ed.

Good humour ever in a genial flow,
 Delighted all, nor made one man his foe*—
 No sceptic he to doubt the first great cause;
 No vain disputer of his country's laws;
 Within he felt no self-reproaching sting,
 True to his God, and faithful to his king:—
 Yes, such was Boyne, and long as kindred worth
 Shall hold its wonted station upon earth,
 So long this hallowed spot, to FRIENDSHIP dear
 Will raise a sigh and force the heart-felt tear.

A LOVER OF WINE AND WALNUTS.

HINTS AND OBSERVATIONS ON POSTURE, ACTION, EXPRESSION, &c.

MEN are scarcely more distinguished from the brute creation, than they are from each other in the different grades of society by the various characters they assume in the exercise of their several functions of standing, walking, and sitting. It is hardly saying too much when it is asserted (at least in most instances) that the qualities and disposition of the mind may be known by the way in which a man stands, sits, or walks.

There is a native dignity in the character of some men which nothing can eradicate; while in others there is an awkwardness of gait and a meanness in their movements which no system of education can mend. The gymnasium may strengthen the frame, and the dancing-master may regulate the steps, but it is the mind alone, unconscious of its means or modes, that originates those attitudes of grace and grandeur which commands our homage or claims our admiration. The American Indian is a striking example of grace and dignity in all his actions; yet he has never seen the models of elegance and beauty in the antique statues, or been taught to regulate his motions by any plan or system of human device. The unconstrained ease of his steps and actions springs from the freedom and independence of his mind and habits, and are as much superior to the educated movements of the civilized European, as the works of nature are to those of art.

The constrained posture which education necessarily imposes on

* The poet forgets the poor baker.

the youth of both sexes, calls for various games and exercises to counteract its effects. Boys, freed from the confinement of school, ply their elastic limbs in gambols well suited to their age and character: in all of which may be discerned the power of nature and mind operating to produce the most convenient and suitable actions and attitudes. It may be said that the boy is taught to hold his bat in such a way that he may strike the ball with effect, and that he must also be instructed how to send the ball to the wicket with the greatest advantage. So must the Indian youth be taught to draw the bow and hurl the dart; but neither in the one instance nor the other, is there any thing studied or exaggerated.

The actions of infants, that is, of children from one to three or four years of age, are the most beautiful and attractive: they are, however, peculiar and confined to the age of infancy. The school-boy's gait and slouching habits are generally got rid of by example rather than by the dancing-master or the gymnasium.

The education of our females, perhaps more than that of the youth of the other sex, confines them to a fixed and constrained posture; neither the governess nor master can always be upon the look out to observe and correct the bent and awkward postures in which their pupils may be inclined to indulge, nor will the stocks or backboard do much to prevent the mischief which the undue portions of time given to their different lessons will produce.* The only relaxations in the ordinary course of school education are those of walking and dancing. Some fashionable schools, however, have had the temerity to introduce the drill, and our girls are taught the movements and measures of a military march. Whether this may lead to good results must be left to the consideration of parents and guardians, whose additional duty it will be to watch over, and counteract the effect of a spirit of enterprise, which such exercises may possibly give rise to.

Whatever may be thought expedient in the female exercises besides those of walking and dancing, it is of the greatest importance to guard against every thing which tends to generate pride or instil affectation. All directions for posture and attitude which do not spring from impulse, or are called up or occasioned by some emotion or passion, are impositions of the artificial for the real. In this age of varied improvement we are not contented with the ordinary and usual mode of

* We fully agree with our correspondent on this topic, and believe that in the absurd regulations adopted too frequently in ladies boarding schools, may be traced the semina of decline and the origin of consumption.—Ed.

doing any thing, and much less so should a foreign novelty be proposed and adopted by the fashionable directors of the Ton; for what absurdity, however ridiculous, or what folly, however eccentric, under such circumstances, will not find votaries and admirers among the motley characters of our Island! A plan has been proposed and acted upon, which was intended to supersede every other exercise hitherto practised by our females, who, by its adoption might have become aspirants in athletic games, tumblers at a country fair, or as a reward for such accomplishments have been elevated to the dignity of opera dancers.

But a plan so generally beneficial could not prosper without a treatise, and, accordingly, one was produced and arranged under the head of "Calisthenic exercises for the private tuition of Ladies."

The character of this work, its nature and tendency, were so humorously and so judiciously pointed out, by the editor of the Literary Gazette, on its appearance; and so well was shewn the light in which this exotic folly ought to have been viewed, that we might have imagined by the strictures contained in the review of the treatise, that so glaring an insult to the decency and understanding of a sober nation (as we are called) would have been checked or crushed at once. But no; our dancing-masters, in their own defence, must take up the trade of posture masters and act over the foolery of a rehearsal to some future scenic representation, but whether of tragedy, comedy, or farce, time only can determine.

If this passion for the artificial and this attention to the exterior, like the labyrinth in a romance, led to nothing, it would be merely a sad waste of time; but unfortunately it leads through the channels of vanity, and leaves the weak and ill appointed bark more than ordinarily exposed among the shoals of flattery and the quicksands of deceit.

Without, however, assuming the province of the preacher, or attempting to check any laudable desire for improving the health and giving elasticity to the frame of the youth of either sex, it may be observed, that, in our gymnastic exercises care should be taken not to cultivate or increase the powers of one set of muscles at the expense of others, by habituating their action or exercise to one particular course.

It is fortunate that in female education the accomplishment of music though often acquired at a great expense of time, has nothing in the posture or action that is violent or constrained. This must be understood of the piano-forte; for, with respect to the harp, though

in some instances it may shew the figure to advantage, it is attended by a twist of the body which cannot fail of being detrimental to the health of those who have not their full growth. Both drawing and writing continued for any length of time, must also be injurious to the health; but the posture appears to be unavoidable, and either the time of sitting to them should be shortened, or their effects counteracted by walking or driving the hoop, or above all by the exercise of the skipping rope, which brings the limbs more variously and more effectually into play than almost any other action.

Good sense and refined society, with a moderate share of observation, will enable any man to acquire both ease and grace for all the purposes of ordinary or even polite life, but the study of posture and attitude belongs (perhaps exclusively) to the artist and the actor.

The painter selects forms, but he must also study action and feel what belongs to expression, and whether his picture is that of the exalted or the familiar in art, his object should be to copy nature and avoid the exaggerated as well as the artificial.

The actor has only to follow the instruction of Hamlet to the players, where he says,

—————"but let your own discretion be your tutor;
Suit the action to the word, the word to the action;"

Simple however, as these instructions and what is set down in the speech may appear, there is ample scope for genius, as well as for the exercise of discretion, ere the actor can attain the true point where attitude and action concur suitably with the words and meaning of the author. The slightest movement is of importance, the raising a finger too high, or sinking it too low, may destroy the effect of the performance.

Acute observations on the manners and passions of man must combine with talent to give value to the works of the painter, as well as to shew the skill of the actor. It sometimes happens, however, that for want of competent judges or a discerning public, both actor and artist find their account, the one in the bravura of his voice and gestures, the other in his violent and gorgeous colouring; for there are groundlings (as Shakspeare calls them) in every age.

The stage has, in several instances, furnished hints to the painter both in attitude and expression; while, on the other hand, the artist has given examples of character and costume from which the stage has derived considerable advantage; but, in this reciprocity of benefits, painters should be careful not to copy the glare and tinsel of the theatre, much of which is a needful accessory to what is called the "spectacle" of the drama. In this there has been so much "overstepping the modesty of nature," that the actor and the action, as well

as the expression, have been swallowed up in gorgeous costume. But in all representations on canvass of theatrical subjects and characters, it has been the business of the painter to divest them of their tinsel and gaud. By thus exhibiting the principles of his art, he shews the powers of simplicity, and proves that the hero of a tragedy will appear to more advantage with less of the decorative,—that he will more readily be distinguished by his action and attitude, and that his expression will have much fuller effect in the absence of ornament.

At a time when less regard was paid to the propriety of dress and costume on the stage, we find the artist giving to his subjects, connected with the drama, the entire character of pictorial composition; and in none has the principles of the art been shewn to greater advantage, or theatrical subjects handled with more skill than may be seen in the works of the late Zoffany; this artist has furnished many examples of scenic representations, uniting individuality of character with all the arrangements of the picturesque.

Among examples of this sort, his scene from the *Alchymist*,—where Garrick, as Abel Druggier, is the principal character,—is eminently distinguished for every essential quality of art. In the conduct of the picture and the choice of his accessories the painter has evidently consulted the style and *chiaro-oscuro* of the Flemish school; but the character and expression are entirely those of the performer. In this, Garrick gave all to the painter; no imagination would give the features of cunning, vulgarity, and simplicity. It must have been a masterpiece of acting as it is of perfect representation. It may readily be conjectured that this celebrated actor also furnished N. Dance, the painter, with the character and action of his Richard, where he is represented in the battle of Bosworth Field calling for a horse. In this performance it is impossible to conceive action or expression more suitably represented. The wild and angry look—the brandished weapon and clenched hand, speak a language that comes home to the feelings and understanding of all.

There are doubtless many instances in which the artist and the actor may divide the palm; for, though the actor may furnish the attitude and give the expression, there is yet enough left for the painter to do besides merely copying what is before him. The arrangement of his accessories, the character of his back-ground, colouring, *chiaro-oscuro*, &c., all entitle him to a full share of credit in this mutual compact.

It may be imagined, and in all probability it was the case, that the late John Kemble gave the posture and attitude as well as the expression, from which the late Sir Thomas Lawrence painted the characteristic portraits of that admirable performer as Hamlet, Rollo, and

Coriolanus. Be this as it may, there is nothing which can be imagined finer or more suitable than the positions in which these several characters are portrayed.

All that is energetic and daring is shewn in the action of Rollo; while in that of Hamlet is displayed that calm and deep melancholy, expressive both of the character and the occasion; there is a look at once elevated and sublime, in perfect keeping with the solemnity of moonlight which the artist has thrown over the scene.

The figure of Coriolanus gives the idea of self-collected dignity and firmness of purpose, the posture is simple and quiet, but the expression shews it to be like the quiet that sometimes pervades the elements before the bursting of the storm. Sir Thomas Lawrence, doubtless, availed himself in these scenic portraits of the expression of his model, but it must have tasked his utmost powers to paint up to it.

In these dramatic portraits, the elevated style of historical composition is united with individual resemblance; and places the portrait painter in the same elevated rank with the painter of history; the requisite qualities of art are the same, the emotions and passions are presented to view, and in the present improved character of appropriate costume every advantage is given to the performance, and every intellectual quality of the mind displayed by the artist in the spirit-stirring scene or character, as well as in the calm dignity of his subject, when such appears to be the object of his pencil; as an instance of the latter, there cannot be found a more perfect and elevated example than in the portrait of the late Mrs. Siddons, in the character of the Tragic Muse, by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

In his choice of attitude, or rather posture, which applies more to the passive than the active, Sir Joshua has united the simplicity of portrait with the dignity of the ideal. The posture is calm and contemplative instead of what (in the mind of an ordinary or inferior artist) might have seemed necessary to characterise the muse of tragedy, such as the exaggerated and violent in attitude and expression, while the cultivated mind of our exalted artist has given, in the absence of action an expression to his portrait deep and profound, as if meditating some act of which the subordinate agents in the background were to be the instruments.

In this inimitable performance the artist had to contend with the uncouth costume and preposterous head-dress of the day. This difficulty, however, has been overcome by the skill, taste, and good sense of the painter, who, without any violent departure from these forms, as more immediately belonging to the portrait and individuality of

the prototype, has made them subservient to the grandeur of composition and the forms of elegance and grace.

When this justly celebrated picture appeared some years ago in an exhibition at Spring Gardens, along with Monsieur Calone's collection, it was placed between two of Vandyke's whole-length portraits; and the situation was so far from being any way disadvantageous to the merits of the performance, that it was allowed by every candid critic to vie in comparison with those of the Flemish painter, and might be considered as a triumph of the English School of Art.

What the artist thought of his own performance may be inferred from the circumstance of painting his name and date on the border of the garment, which appears no less appropriate as an ornament, than allowable to the feelings of the man: those of Mrs. Siddons, in viewing her portrait thus elevated and distinguished, may also be gathered from the account given by Mrs. Desenfans, who accompanied her on the occasion. "The actress," said that lady, "stood long and silently contemplating the picture; nor did any thing escape her lips, either at the time or afterwards, but the mute eloquence of her falling tears spoke volumes."

Other characteristic portraits by our gifted painter, are equally striking examples of his powerful and exalted talents, as seen in his Thais, Mrs. Billington, &c. which, though not perhaps strictly theatrical, nor equally elevated with the tragic muse presented in the portrait of Mrs. Siddons, are still replete with the good taste and cultivated perception exhibited throughout his works.

It is thus that in the two late presidents of the Royal Academy will be recognized that union of talent, which may truly be said to comprise the elevated and the familiar in art in a degree and with an improvement which no former age could boast, at least in those of our own school.

In very few instances, will be found in the works of preceding artists, as Richardson, Jarvis, or Hudson, any attempts to go beyond the simple posture and quiet look of their prototypes; and when it is recollected that many of the draperies were put in by other hands which, if designed beyond the ordinary course and accustomed regulations, might have increased the expense of the picture, or been beyond the reach of their abilities, it is not surprising that so little of the elevated or characteristic should be found among them; and it is quite wonderful, that having the examples of Vandyke, Dobson, Sir Peter Lely, and Kneller, continually before them, or at least within their reach, that so little should have been accomplished in

the way of improvement or excellence in the character of portrait painting.

Richardson, who felt and wrote enthusiastically on the principles of painting and the elevated character of the classic in art, kept within sight of shore, nor once spread his canvass for the adventurous voyage of improvement or discovery.

If so little was done by those who could execute and feel the value of what was great in art, what could be expected by their contemporaries and imitators; in whose portraits may be recognized the bathos so happily described by Goldsmith in his family piece of the Vicar of Wakefield. In these puerile remains of mediocrity are still seen the shepherdess with her lamb and crook in the dress and fashion of the day; the helmeted infant with his sword and javelin; the prim fair one with flowers or oranges in her hand; and others of like violation in character and costume.

Gradually, however, the mists that hung over the atmosphere of art began to disperse and a better order of things to obtain; good sense stepped in, and fancy and taste began to lighten the dawn of portraiture, and examples appeared in the works of Hogarth, Cotes, and Hoare, &c. which would do honor to any age or school. Among these examples may be seen Captain Coram, the founder of the Foundling Hospital, by Hogarth; Paul Sandby, by Cotes; and Mr. and Mrs. Garrick, from the pencil of Hogarth,—tell in the progress of improvement, a climax was reached in the works of the immortal Reynolds.

If we look back to the reigns of Henry VIII. and Queen Elizabeth, we shall find few attempts to exalt the character of portrait painting, or shed upon its practice the lustre of historic art. All was matter of fact in character and costume, or at most some far fetched allegory, as, where Queen Elizabeth, in her ruff and stiff costume, is represented as standing on a map of England and looking on the destruction of the Spanish Armada; this picture we believe was painted by *Zuccherò*, and like the Euphonism of the language of the period is affected and hyperbolic.

In the preceding reign Holbein took the lead, and justly was the merit of his talents appreciated by contemporary writers, but hardly more so than by those of this day, whenever his rich and inventive powers are taken into consideration.

But his genius was not suffered to expand itself, either in the composition or chiaro-oscuro of his portrait painting; little or no shade is found in the features of his subjects, breadth only and a natural tone

of colouring distinguished his portraits. And as the age was that of splendour and costly ornaments in dress, no part of these he allowed to be sacrificed to taste or other qualities of art. Thrown into shade, or lost in obscurity by the contrast of shadows, or the harmonious display of chiaro-oscuro, they would have incurred a similar censure to that of the Indian Nabob, who, observing the shade which was intended to relieve his head costume, said publicly to the European artist, that he "never wore a dirty turban."

There is, however, one example from the pencil of Hans Holbein, so replete with character in the attitude and bearing that no one can, for a moment, mistake its import or the dispositions of the man, even if it were not known to be the portrait of Henry VIII. of absolute memory.

The artist, no doubt, has given to this portrait the usual swaggering and bluff appearance which characterised the monarch. In the invention and designs of Holbein, there is no want of those qualities of painting which constitute its principles; contrast, composition, character and expression were depicted by him in the truth of nature; but, as before observed, he was shackled by the ignorance of his employers, by the trammels of fashion, and the love (which then existed) of displaying costly ornaments and bravery of dress.

The reigns of James and Charles I. gave rise to a new era in the arts of painting, sculpture, and architecture; and the works of Rubens, but most especially those of Vandyke, gave a character to portrait painting, with a freedom of posture and action, in perfect keeping with the cavalier-like noble bearing of those with whom it was their good fortune to associate. Vandyke was a courtier, and his portraits all partake of the character of a court. Another and great characteristic in the works of this master, besides the judicious relief and truth of colouring which he gave to the flesh in his pictures, was a simple grandeur in the cast of his draperies, a breadth in their folds, the absence of over display in jewelled ornaments, which none but a profound master of the principles of this art, and one also whose talents allowed him the free and full exercise of those principles could possibly attain to. In many instances the simplicity of his postures and attitudes, more especially in his female portraits, in the hands of an inferior painter, would degenerate into the puerile or childish; many of these elegant and tasteful portraits are designed with a flower or flowers in their hand; but the magic of his pencil threw a halo round them, and nothing appeared but what seemed proper, either in the simplicity of the action or the accessories he had introduced.

If posture and action so essentially distinguish the different grades of society, the historical or the classic in art requires all the skill and powers of the painter to adjust and regulate them, not only according to the rules of art, but to the truth in which they appear under the influence of strong passion or the softer emotions; here the whole contour of the body, from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot, must have a corresponding relation. It is here that the mind and disposition of the artist will often be seen in his works. Rembrandt might be said to display the phlegm of his disposition in many of his subjects; he seldom seems to have gone out of his way for the purpose of introducing either energy or grace in his attitudes or actions. In art he seems to have taken men and things as he found them. There is a dignity, however, in some of his Burgo-masters, and an historical arrangement in many of his portraits, as in the ship-builder and his wife; but beauty in any of its relative qualities, whether of feature or expression, was never looked for, at least it has not occurred in any of his models.

What a contrast appears in posture and action in the painters of the German school! in them the display of these qualities resembles the marvellous extravagance of some of their writers, where the superlative in excitement is carried to the most exaggerated excess, where the mind and the imagination run riot in scenes of horror and wild romance. In this excess the paintings of Spranger, Goltzius and Bleomast kept pace, and their works have exhibited a mixture of the elevated and the fantastic in the attitude and action of their figures; all is on the stretch as if to enforce by violence what might have been obtained from nature and truth. When these painters would be energetic they become affected; and when sublime they border on the ridiculous. It is thus that national character, education, and, disposition enter into the character of the artist; and in the various modes of treating, or choosing his subjects, will be seen his intellectual attainments, the powers of his mind, and the extent of his understanding.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

Lectures on Anatomy as connected with the Arts of Painting and Sculpture.

MR. GREEN opened this admirable course of instruction, by proposing the consideration, generally, of the human form in a manner well adapted

to excite the attention of his audience. He demonstrated the superiority of man in the grand scheme of the creation, formed as he is for sovereign command, and possessing, in the wonderful machine in which the soul is enveloped, the power and means adapted for the execution of any and every thing which intellect could regulate or conceive. That man was not formed like the inferior grades of animals, is evident from the universal application to purpose or circumstance which each and all of his members, both separately and collectively possess: for in the lower species may be discovered some particularity of form, limb or feature, applicable only to the peculiar habits of the animal to which they belong; thus, the arm of the monkey, the singularly shaped jaw of the shark, the tusk of the elephant, and the coil of the serpent, all tend to prove that they are not the children of free-will, but, on the contrary, are subservient to a superior power to whom Omnipotence has said, "Thou shalt have dominion over them." The form of man, as regards his corporeal tenement, may be divided into three stages;—the time of infancy, when muscle, tendon and nerve are blended, as it were together,—the more mature period when they are expressed, and the chest of the male begins to expand and his well knit frame moves onward in stately majesty, whilst the softer and more beautiful being, whom Divine favor has granted to be his solace and help, assumes the formation best adapted for the performance of those duties and tender occupations which render our abode on earth a scene of domestic happiness and virtuous bliss. The third stage is that when the juices of the body have become, as it were, absorbed; when the teeth fall from the gums and weakness and decrepitude have broken down the once stately fabric which towered amid the ranks of animal life. Yet even then, so vast is the superiority given by the Almighty to his highly favored child, that it needs only the loosing of the "silver cord" it is only necessary that the "golden bowl" should be broken, and, to use the beautiful language of our lecturer, "from the worn and decrepid trunk issues forth the never dying Psyche in renewed and eternal youth to the realms of endless bliss and everlasting life." The elementary positions of the body having been described, our attention was drawn to the nature of the muscles, which are generally covered and protected by the aponeuroses, which consist of fasciæ, or numberless small cords, and which, on the removal of the outward skin, appear of a shining whitish consistency. The origin or commencement of a muscle, together with its insertion or place of termination, being explained with the greatest accuracy and clearness, Mr. Green proceeded to describe the various muscles in the human body which affect and

are connected with superficial anatomy. Those in the abdominal regions, were admirably pointed out and discussed, and their external appearances as perceptible in the recti (muscles which raise the body when lying on the back, or sustain it when bent backwards,) the obliquus descendens which assists in respiration, and the serrati which act upon the scapula, or shoulder blade, in a downward and forward position, and assist in difficult respiration by the scapula being drawn upwards and backwards by the trapezius.

Connected with them he described the actions of the diaphragm, and gave a minute account of the method by which nature purifies the blood, which having issued from the heart of a red colour and performed its temporary functions, becomes black through the quantity of carbon which it imbibes, and is consequently unfitted for the purposes of life until rectified by the action of the lungs which perform the office of a chemical process, and (purifying the blood by the action of breathing) call forth corresponding motions externally. He then expatiated upon that powerful muscle the pectoralis, which draws the arm forward and arises from part of the clavícula, or collar bone, and is inserted by a very strong tendon into the humerus, or bone of the upper arm. The action and power of this beautiful engine were displayed in every possible position in the model. Of the dorsal muscles, the latissimus dorsi, from covering nearly the whole of the back, becomes of course subject for investigation, and it was described as tending to draw the arm downwards and in an oblique backward direction. The trapezius, which has its origin from the spines of the vertebræ of the neck, the back part of the head, and also from the eight upper ones of the back, and is inserted into the spine of the blade bone, is highly deserving the attentive study of the artist from the prominence of shape which it gives to the scapula, or shoulder blade, in passing over it; its action is various but chiefly employed in moving the scapula upwards, backwards or downwards. Having demonstrated the various actions and appearances of these muscles under every circumstance of distension or pressure, the connection of the scapula with the clavícula, or collar bone, together with the articulation of the joint of the shoulder were next explained, and he proved most satisfactorily that, from the texture of the clavícula, Man could never have been intended for any but an erect position; as quadrupeds, such as the horse and others, are wholly destitute of the collar bone: even the monkey, who comes nearest to the erect position of man, has the clavícula extremely small and altogether imperfect in formation. He next proceeded to the various

muscles of the upper arm, fore arm, and hand; and in a most elaborate and entertaining manner described their several actions and names. He called particular attention to the fore arm, which consisted of the Ulna and Radius, and described the action of the hand as arising from them, and adduced the statue of Diana putting her hand to the quiver as connected with a muscle inserted in the Ulna. The motion of the hand, thumb, and fingers, arise from a complicated structure of muscles, and the Carpus, or wrist, consists of eight small bones of an arched form, dovetailed-in, as it were, and fastened by strong ligaments. The arm being held out so as to form a right angle with the body, the hand will be found to form an obtuse angle with the fore arm in an opposite direction to that formed by the fore arm with the upper. He then stated that the motions of the thumb are regulated by the Extensors and Supinators, and requested us to remark that the upper extremities were all of them subservient to the hand which might justly be considered as the telegraph of the mind; this was proved by as beautiful and masterly a process as we ever remember to have witnessed, the varied position of the hand in grief, rage, modesty, bashfulness, and in every circumstance of human life, was exemplified in a manner not easily to be forgotten.

The gluteus major which extends the thigh, and its adjutant, the gluteus medius, having been discussed, our attention was directed to the muscles of that limb, which are covered by a strong aponeurosis. Having expatiated on the sartorius or tailor's muscle, which enables us to cross the legs, (and is strongly developed in the "Laocoon,") the rectus femoris, and the vasti, all which three muscles act in the extension of the leg, he proceeded to the soleus, whose office it is to extend the foot, and briefly, but with great clearness and precision, described the remaining muscles of the lower extremities. In speaking of the interior of the thigh, a mass of muscles not immediately necessary for artistical knowledge, he stated that the great painter, Leonardo da Vinci, had the triceps, which muscle originates in three places, all of which are inserted along the spine of the femur, so powerfully developed and in such perfection, that by mere pressure of his thighs upon a horse he could stop the animal in his fiery course. He then summed up by proving the superiority of man in the display of the muscular system in any action which his will might direct, and deduced the excellence of the antient models from the warlike and athletic games which the inhabitants of Greece were wont to indulge in. It was owing to these manly exercises, he said, that Phidias and his competitors were enabled to send down to posterity those models which can never be

surpassed. He then alluded to dancing, which he said was the poetry of motion, as music was of motion and feeling, and finished a course of lectures remarkable for the clearness of their exposition, the elegance of the language in which they were delivered, and the depth of learning and discernment which marked them throughout, by exhorting the student to apply diligently to the attainment of a thorough knowledge, not only of the anatomy, but also of the physiology of the human form. He concluded by thanking his audience for their attention, which, we feel assured, had been afforded with pleasure and delight, and retired amid the deafening plaudits of those who, however they might deem the Anatomical Professor worthy of honourable distinction, felt deep regret that his voice, for the present, would be heard no more among them.

SPENCE

NECROLOGY.—RAPHAEL MORGHEN.

THE productions of the graver possess one advantage over those of the pencil, which is, that in comparison with the other, they may be said to be ubiquitous, and may contribute to the enjoyment of numerous possessors. Hence the merits of Raphael Morghen are known in this country by some better testimony than report, whether of foreigners or of travelled Englishmen. After half a century devoted to his art, which, with unimpaired vision and unshaken hand, he was enabled to practise to the last, this eminent engraver died at Florence on the 8th of April last, in his 75th year, having been born at Naples, June 19th 1758. Never has it happened that talent has displayed itself successively in two generations of the same family, in an equal degree: either the fame of the son is absorbed in that of the parent, or the ability of the latter eclipsed by the genius of his offspring. Both Raphael's father and uncle practised the same profession as himself, and with some pretension, but the name of Morghen is illustrious only as that of him the arts have just lost. Still he was in some degree indebted to those relatives for his after success, having had the advantage of being initiated by them in his profession at a very tender age. Thus happily prepared, he subsequently prosecuted his studies under the more eminent Volpato, who was then employed upon his "Loggio of the Vatican." Volpato beheld without jealousy the superior genius of his pupil, whom he directed with the anxious zeal of a parent rather than as an instructor; and their friendship was

further cemented by the marriage of Raphael with the daughter of his generous preceptor. After her death he was twice married again; and had children by each of his wives. We cannot pretend to give any thing like a list of his numerous works, for which we must refer to Nicolo Palmerini's life of him, where will be found a catalogue of nearly all of them. It will be sufficient to mention his engravings of Raphael's Transfiguration and Madonna del Seggiola, Guido's Aurora, Leonardo da Vinci's Last Supper, the portrait of Moncada after Vandyke, and several others of the first class; any one of which would have stamped his fame. Besides his more important labours, and his larger productions, he executed a great variety of other subjects, in landscape and portraiture, as well as history; for his diligence was no less extraordinary than his masterly ability and skill. Others may occasionally have surpassed Morghen in certain particulars, and may have produced more striking effects, but none have equalled him in his exquisite treatment of flesh, or in the sentiment of colour which he preserved in his engravings. It must, nevertheless, be confessed that he sometimes carried refinement and delicacy of execution so far as to give a certain air of effeminacy to his style. Also must it be allowed that he did not always very closely adhere to the character of the original; and even in the "*Cenacolo*" which in regard to execution is a master-piece and a model of engraving, he granted freer scope to his own feelings and ideas than is perhaps consistent with the duty of a translator. In his latter productions this was not only more frequently the case, but is manifest by still greater deviations from exactitude. Truth requires that such excesses should be pointed out, for although redeemed in his hands by the most splendid merits, they might become very erroneous precedents for others.

Four separate periods or phases are distinguishable in Morghen's works. The first comprises those prior to the "*Aurora*;" the second extends to the "*Transfiguration*;" to the third belong the portraits and other subjects of less pretension which he executed during the first twenty years of the present century; and to the fourth, the productions of his advanced age, among which are the "*Madonna del Granduca*," the "*Poesia*," and the portrait of Buonarrotti. These attest the unimpaired energy of his mind, no less than the undiminished vigour of his hand. In the "*Poesia*" of Carlo Dolce, the gem of the Corsini collection, the sun of Raphael Morghen shines on its horizon as brilliantly, if not as fervently, as in its zenith. He has left

a vacant throne; nor is it probable that it will be occupied again by any of the present generation. Like the first Raphael, so does the second stand upon the loftiest pinnacle of his art, insulated in his glory, solitary in his fame.

Absint inani funere nanie

Luctusque turpes, ac querimonie.

LAMBETH PALACE.

AMONG the embellished Almanacks for 1834, we find one affords a very faithful representation of the Palace at Lambeth, in its present improved state; several parts having, during the last three or four years, been wholly rebuilt, and others repaired and appropriated to new purposes. The view is taken in the large quadrangular court; embracing the two sides formed by the main buildings; and is of sufficient size to allow of the detail being clearly made out.

The history of this place ascends to an early period; but, as in most instances of the kind, the orthography is extremely various and its etymon equally uncertain. Probability seems to favor a derivation from the Saxon. *Hythe* a harbour, and *Lamb*, perhaps the name of its owner, i. e. *Lamb's Harbour*.

The manor of Lambeth formed part of the possessions of Goda, sister of Edward the Confessor; and was given to the see of Rochester, by her second husband Eustace, Earl of Boulogne. The Conqueror seized the manor, but afterwards restored it; and this act was confirmed by his son Rufus, who also added the parish church.

In 1189 Archbishop Baldwin obtained a part of the court of the Bishop of Rochester to build on; but Dr. Ducarel tells us that Boniface obtained a bull (1262) from Pope Urban IV. for disposing of a fourth part of the offerings at Becket's tomb in pious uses: with leave to rebuild his old houses at Lambeth, or to erect new ones; and ascribes to him the foundation of the Archiepiscopal Palace. The chapel and crypt are doubtless as old as the time of Boniface; but whether of anterior date it may be difficult to determine. Though a memorandum, in the register for 1280, of *repairs*, would seem to strengthen a supposition that such was the fact. This chapel was repaired some years since under the direction of Mr. Smirke; who very judiciously caused the eastern window, which had been long built up, to be reopened, but the flat and comparatively modern wooden ceiling has been suffered to remain; by which, we presume, a vaulted roof is concealed,

and the unity of design of course destroyed. This ceiling and the fittings of the lower part are of the seventeenth century; probably put up after the spoliation of the edifice during the civil wars—to which it is to be regretted the fine painted glass of the windows became a prey. The small altar tomb of Archbishop Parker is the only obituary relic the place contains.

We have given a priority of notice to the chapel on account of its greater antiquity and as it does not form a part of the engraving, to which we will now return and take the several portions in the order of their position.—On the left hand is represented part of Juxon's Hall, as it is usually termed, in reference to its founder, the munificent prelate of that name. It was not finished however until after his decease, but the completion was provided for by his will. It is built in the debased and heterogeneous style of the age, partaking equally, both in composition and detail of Gothic and Italian. The interior claims attention from its ornamental roof, which is not dissimilar in the general lines to that of Westminster Hall; but the effect is rather elaborate than tasteful. This room—which is said to be the latest of the kind, and was built at the enormous cost of ten thousand guineas—is now occupied by the splendid library belonging to the see.

Adjoining the hall is the guard room, in which the armour and weapons for the defence of the palace were formerly deposited. It is referred to in the time of Henry VI. as *camera armigerorum*; but from its architectural character, we may pretty safely attribute its erection to the close of the fourteenth century. The venerable roof is the only authentic remain, and was curiously preserved entire whilst the walls were taken from beneath it. These having been faithfully restored, the apartment at present forms the state dining-room, and is hung with portraits of the Archbishops of Canterbury.

In the distance rises the Lollard's tower, a building advantageously seen from the river, or the bishop's walk—in the front towards which, was placed a statue of Thomas à Becket. Of the merit of this work we must remain ignorant, but the Steward's accounts shew the cost to have been thirteen shillings and four pence, a sum, that would then remunerate an artificer for the labour of a month. The tabernacle or niche was certainly of good proportion and design. This tower was built by Chichelê, who enjoyed the see from 1414 to 1441, and was the founder of All Souls College, Oxford. It is situated at the west end of the chapel, the lower apartment forming an ante-chapel or lobby, commonly called the post-room from a large pillar in the centre that supports the flat pannelled ceiling. The prison of the Lollards, from

which this building takes its name, is an upper-room, reached by a small spiral stair, and entered through double doors of oak, thickly studded with iron. The ceiling and walls are lined with stout wainscot; and the latter are furnished with strong iron rings for securing the persecuted inmates. There are similar rings in an apartment next the porter's lodge, where persons accused of heresy were also confined.—For further information concerning these parts of the palace, we beg to refer the reader to an account by Herbert and Brayly, illustrated from the drawings of Frederick Nash, quarto, London, 1806, (a work we hope to see followed by delineations of the modern edifice we are about to notice) and to the History by Dr. Ducarel.

The preamble of an act, 10. Geo. IV. cap. 6, says "The greater part of the said palace is very ancient and in want of general repair; and having been built or enlarged at various times without due regard to uniformity and arrangement, the same is unsuitable and insufficient for the state purposes of the Archbishop of *Canterbury* as well as inconvenient for the residence of a family, and it is deemed necessary that the said palace should be repaired and extensively altered and improved, and that some parts thereof should be taken down and rebuilt, the expense of which, including the purchase of the necessary fixtures, has been estimated at the sum of thirty-nine thousand pounds," &c. By this act the Archbishops of *Canterbury* and *York*, and the Bishop of *London*, were constituted a committee for the conduct of the projected works at *Lambeth*; and also for certain repairs to the palace at *Addington*,* with power to raise the sum of sixty thousand pounds on mortgage of the estates of the See. The characteristic and elegant design before us is from the pencil of Mr. Blore, who has adopted the style which prevailed about the time of the fourth Edward.

The entrance is marked by the turrets on either side; the large and splendid oriel throwing its flood of light on the massive steps by which we reach the corridor leading to the principal apartments. Among these may be noticed the private library and the great drawing-room, which has, we believe, the largest bay window in the kingdom. The great window to the right of the entrance serves the staircase leading to the upper chambers.

We have somewhat exceeded the limits we proposed in noticing this engraving, but would recommend our readers, who have opportunity, to visit *Lambeth Palace*, as affording the best illustration of those regal and sumptuous piles that once adorned the banks of father *Thames*.

* Executed under the professional guidance of Mr. Henry Harrison.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

Of late years the British Museum has certainly been placed upon a more liberal footing, yet it is virtually closed to numbers who would willingly avail themselves of its stores, both in literature and art, but who, being otherwise engaged during the earlier and middle part of the day, cannot go thither, except on a choice occasion, at the hours during which it is accessible to visitors. A wish has frequently been expressed, that the reading-rooms should be open during the evening as well as in the day time, as is the case at the London Institution and similar literary establishments. Against this plan, which would prove a great accommodation to the class of persons above alluded to, the only valid objection is, that it would be highly imprudent to hazard the slightest risk of accident by fire. This, however, is no reason why the Museum should be closed many hours before dusk during all the summer months; it might, with no great impropriety, be kept open much later than it is now, from the 1st of May till the end of August.

Prudential objection may certainly be made to lighting up the reading-rooms, yet it hardly applies to that wing of the building which contains the sculpture galleries. There the risk could not exist as among papers and books, where attendants must have portable lights to look out such works as may be asked for. Indeed, considering both the construction of the sculpture-rooms and their contents, the apprehension of accident, arising from the use of gas or lamps, appears quite groundless.

Independently of the actual convenience to the public in other respects, this scheme forcibly recommends itself by the consideration, that, should it ever be adopted, that part of the collection which can be studied with least advantage during the short and gloomy days of winter, would, during the evenings, be shewn in the most effective and brilliant manner; for, were the lights properly contrived and arranged, the statues and other marbles might be viewed even more perfectly than they now can be under the most favorable circumstances. This would prove a material benefit to students; while many artists (who, not being students, cannot very well spare time to frequent the Museum during the day, when they are employed in their own painting-rooms) would thus be enabled to profit extensively by the various works of art.

The additional expense that would thus be incurred would be so inconsiderable in itself, that if no more cogent argument against

what is here proposed can be established, the convenience sought ought immediately to be afforded. Should the expense, however, be found too startling; during the present rage for economy, it might be lessened by opening the galleries only two, or even one of the evenings in each week. And if this additional liberality should be thought too costly, rather than that the advantage itself should be fore-gone, we would say, admit artists and students gratuitously, and make other visitors pay for admittance on such occasions, and let the money thus received go towards defraying the expenses, and remunerating the few attendants whose presence would be required. Many would doubtless cavil at this as illiberal and unfair; nor do we recommend it except as a *dernier resort*. We cannot see that the public would have much reason to complain of such a regulation, because the Museum would still be open to them just the same as at present; so that those to whom the payment for additional accommodation should be matter of aversion, would have their alternative.

According to the present regulations of the British Museum, many persons among the educated classes, residing in the metropolis itself, are precluded from study which they might otherwise profit by. Not for many years longer, it is to be hoped, will the Museum be closed at Easter and other holiday times, besides the whole of the month of September. Should the reading-rooms be kept open in the summer months, three or four hours longer every day than they now are, it would perhaps be necessary to have a few more attendants to relieve each other; but their duties do not appear so particularly onerous as to require that the Museum should be shut up for days and weeks together, in order that they may recreate themselves. Vacations there should be none; for, in abolishing them it would not be necessary to deprive any of the members of the establishment of the relaxation they now have, since each individual might, in his turn, be allowed as many, or nearly as many, days of absence in the course of the year. The Museum is eminently privileged in the way of holidays, yet, as it is a national and public establishment, its serviceableness to the community should not be abridged further than is absolutely unavoidable.

[We fully agree on the great convenience to the scholar which would arise from an extended access to one of the first libraries and museums in the world; but are of opinion that an increase of the establishment would be unavoidable. We shall at all times bear the most ample and unqualified testimony to the ready politeness and attention manifested by the officers of the British Museum, and

should be loth to add to the burdens of those who, we feel convinced, have "plenty to do." But the accommodation required is a national one, and the want of it is deeply felt by many; it ought therefore to be met in a public point of view. It is melancholy to reflect how much the resources of the student are curtailed in this country. A great public library, as shown in the foregoing sketch, is rendered comparatively useless to the multitude; and we know, from sad experience, that although the exterior of our cathedrals and public buildings are of necessity open to us, the artist, who is anxious for admittance into them, can only gain access by the application of a pass-key, the wards of which have never yet been known to fail.—
[EDITOR.]

ROMSEY ABBEY, HAMPSHIRE.

I BELONG to that nondescript species of animal which will roam occasionally from one part of the kingdom to the other in search of a time-worn edifice, and am never more delighted than when covered with the dust and mortar of other ages. To me the zig-zag mouldings of a Norman arch, or the damp and darksome crypt of a Gothic cathedral, present beauties alluring as the tints of a Guido, a Titian, or a Rembrandt. There is, in truth, something in the study of those antique piles which the piety of our ancestors erected for the worship of the Supreme Being, so gratifying to the antiquarian, that I much doubt if there be any secular occupation belonging to a refined mind, better calculated to procure that calm tranquillity which we enjoy when all is peace within.

But to our subject; Romsey, distant from Southampton about seven miles, is a town of such rare antiquity that its origin has been completely lost in the obscurity of ages, and nothing now remains to reward the painful search of the laborious antiquary than the inevitable arrival at an indefinite conclusion. Many authors have been of opinion that it rose with its justly celebrated abbey in the time of the Saxon, whilst others with equal, if not stronger, claims to our attention, assert it to have been a city during the Roman dominion in this island. The latter hypothesis is insisted on by that great antiquarian Dr. Stakely; he says, "Romsey was unquestionably a Roman town as its present name shews," it is classed by him as a city under the name "Arminis" and he observes that Roman coins have been discovered there. In order, however, that the reader may be enabled to draw his



Engraved by the Author from a drawing by J. G. Smith.

MANSEY CHURCH.

For the Trustees of the Church of Mansey.

own conclusions on this subject I will proceed to its probable etymology. In the old Saxon Chronicles it is denominated **Rumes-eg* or *ige*, which signifies a spacious island and it is to be observed that the same venerable work retains that form at two very distinct periods of time thus "A. D. 971. *Her forthfende Edmund ætheling and his lith æth Rumes-ige.*" Hoc anno decessit Eadmundus cæto, et ejus corpus jacet apud Rumeseg; and again in 1085, when speaking of Christina cousin of St. Edward the Confessor. "*Beah into mynstre tho Rumes-eg,*" cessit in Monasterium apud Rumeseg; in both quotations we find the Saxon adjective *Rumes* unaltered. It may perhaps be pertinent to state that the ancient town and Abbey of Romsey undoubtedly stood upon an island, one side of which is still washed by the beautiful river Test; whilst the other is bounded by portions of that river running under-ground through Church street, etc., and there is a tradition to this day of the soldiers of Oliver Cromwell having turned the water course in Middlebridge street. When we consider how large and fair an island must have been so formed, the supposition of our Saxon ancestors having thus denominated it at least deserves consideration. But, on the other hand, Dr. Stukely is supported by the learned Baxter, who is of opinion that it should rather be *Romes-ey* or Roman island, and in Doomsday Book the Abbey is distinctly described as the Abbey of *Romesyg*; thus proving that the same difference existed then which is prevalent to this day, some persons calling it Romsey, whilst others as scrupulously both spell and pronounce it Rumsey. Assertions however are easily made, we will therefore consider the probable correctness of the latter supposition. When we regard the present situation of the town, we find that, with the variation of a mile or two, it is equi-distant with Sorbiodunum,† Brige,‡ Venta Belgarum,§ and Clausentum:|| as these were stations of acknowledged importance, much intercourse must necessarily have been maintained, and it would have been next to an impossibility for the Roman legions, in their march between Clausentum and either of the two first mentioned stations, to have avoided the site of this town, and a still greater slur upon their known good taste to imagine that they would neglect so splendid and beautiful a valley. We are warranted therefore, I think, in concluding that it derives its name rather from the Roman Saxon word and that *Romes-ey*, Romana Insula, superseded its more ancient appellation of Arminis.

* We have adopted Italic characters for the Saxon.

† Old Sarum. ‡ Broughton. § Winchester. || Southampton.

With regard to the origin of its stately Abbey Church, it is matter of deep regret, that no known documents are extant, which might be as data in ascertaining the precise period of the erection and general history of so splendid and venerable a building, which affords an invaluable specimen of the architecture of the earliest ages, and lays open to the antiquary a wide field for conjecture and research.

According to the best information, this church was founded by the son of the immortal Alfred, Edward the Elder, who succeeded his father, A. D. 900, and reigned twenty-five years; but Capgrave, in his *Life of St. Elfreda*, as will be seen hereafter, attributes its foundation to Ethelwold, one of his thanes. Leland, in his "*Collectanea de rebus Britannicis*," expressly says, "*Ecclesia de Romeseye ab Edwardo Seniore fundata est.*" And Rich. Hoveden, fol. 244, b. also says, "*Anno. dcccvi. Rex Ang. Edgarus, in Monasterio Rumesie quod Avus suus Rex Edwardus construxerat, sanctimoniales collocavit, sanctamque Merwennam super eas abbatissam constituit.*" This institution was, in all probability, small and but poorly endowed, for Edward, who made the surrounding neighbourhood the seat of frequent war between himself and his brother Ethelward, and whose reign, moreover, was any thing but peaceful, can hardly be supposed to have had leisure sufficient to allow him to bestow that attention on a religious foundation which was requisite to complete the purposes of a pious votary of those days. There is no further mention of this abbey until the year 967, when Edgar, having secured peace to himself and inflicted terror on the Danes by the powerful armaments which he maintained, turned his attention to the ecclesiastical establishments of his kingdom, and, in conjunction with Dunstan, effected a complete reform. The state of the church at this period, indeed, required consideration. The monasteries had been dissolved in the reign of Alfred, and although some few religious houses were still inhabited by monks, yet the secular clergy, who were not bound by any monastic rule, appear to have held powerful sway. Dunstan, their inveterate opposer, was doubtless an accomplished man and a scholar, "taking great delight in musicke, paynting, and engraving," he was nephew to Athelm, Archbishop of Canterbury, and was born 925. Edmund made him Abbot of Glastonbury. He maintained his influence throughout the reign of Edred, but fell into disgrace with Edwy, in consequence of his hatred to the secular clergy, and was banished. Having successfully plotted with Edgar against Edwy, he obtained for the former a participation of the kingly power and eventually the sole government. Of course, the first act of

Edgar was the recal of the lordly prelate, who, having become Archbishop of Canterbury, found his credit so firmly established, that he resumed those machinations in favor of the monks, which the displeasure of Edwy had formerly compelled him to renounce. The ejection of the secular clergy, however, was by no means an easy task to be accomplished. They were considered by the nobility and great men of the nation to be the lawful and antient guardians of the church, and it was considered highly impolitic to encourage the bequest of estates, &c. to institutions, whose members were, by their rules, excluded from pastoral functions so that they might be entirely employed in prayer within the limits of their monasteries. But there was one circumstance which contributed not a little to the success of Dunstan, which was, the very objectionable manner of living adopted by the secular clergy; we read that they "were very ill livers, that pride, avarice, gluttony, drunkenness, and luxury, openly reigned among them. These irregularities were, of course, blazoned abroad by their enemies, and at length wrought so strongly with the people and the king, that, at the instance of Dunstan, Edgar, in a speech, made before a council assembled for the purpose, declaimed against these clerical irregularities and appointed the Archbishop of Canterbury, Ethelwald, Bishop of Winchester, and Oswald, Bishop of Worcester, to take upon themselves the management of this ecclesiastical revolution. The consequence of this commission being the complete overthrow of the secular clergy and permanent establishment of the monkish orders, we may reasonably infer that, during this investigation, the nunnery of Romsey came under the inspection of the Commissioners, and that Edgar, in conjunction with them, or more probably with Ethelwald, the Bishop of Winton, in whose diocese the nunnery was, remodelled the ancient institution of Edward the Elder, and formed an establishment for nuns of the Benedictine order. William of Malmesbury, who was a monk, says, that the state of the Church of England, in those days, may be judged from the words of King Edgar, in his charter to the Abbey of Malmesbury, which were to this effect:—"All the monasteries in my realm, to the outward sight, are nothing but worm-eaten and rotten lumber, and boards; and that worse is, they are almost empty and devoid of divine service." Stowe, in his *Annals*, evidently ignorant of the prior foundation of Edward the Elder, has erroneously attributed the foundation of this abbey to Alwinus, Earl of East Anglia, and kinsman to Edgar, but this assertion is completely overthrown by Roger de Hovedon, as previously quoted, although he is undoubtedly wrong in the date.

According to Stowe, the church "was solemnly confirmed by King Edgar in the presence of all the nobles, on Christmas day, in the year of our Lord God, nine hundred seventy and four."

(To be continued.) *Page 359*

THE ANNIVERSARY DINNER OF THE STUDENTS OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

THIS Dinner (a revival of a former custom) took place on the 11th, December, in the large hall of the Freemasons' Tavern. Nearly sixty persons were present, amongst whom we noticed, E. H. Baily Esq. R. A., R. R. Reinagle, Esq. R. A., W. Mulready, Esq. R. A., A. Cooper, Esq. R. A., Mr. Corbould, Mr. Elmes, and other representatives of the varied "estates of the realm," of artistic genius. The chair was ably filled by the veteran Clint, A. R. A. a fitting representative of Apollo and Momus. But as dinners are dinners all the world over, (save those which attend Duke Humphrey's guests) we hasten from the gastronomic realms to "the feast of reason and the flow of soul." The cloth(s) being removed the loyal arts proposed, of course "The King," which, as in duty bound was followed by "the Queen and all the Royal Family." The Royal Academy, the British Institution, the society of British Artists, the Students of the Royal Academy, the Medallists, &c., succeeded, the principle of one toast leading to another being duly observed. Between each toast appropriate airs were sung, "without foreign intervention" as the chairman jocosely observed. Mr. Mulready returned thanks for the "Royal Academy" in an appropriate speech, (appropriate to those who heard that, or any other speech in the enormous hall,) yet there was something in the matter of Mr. Reinagle's address which made us

"Lift our strained eyes and open our mouths with wonder" for it betrayed a suspicion that all was not quite perfection (!!) within the walls of the Royal Academy. The worthy R. A. in a clear and candid manner alluded to the state of the arts and the necessities of the artists during the reign of George III., when the academy was founded, and certain laws were framed, calculated to benefit the arts and their professors in a comparatively infant (native) state; but, that the general increase of talent and information demanding a different code, such amendments in Academic legislation might be expected, as would

be more in unison with the views and feelings of a period like the present, when the march of improvement strode in its giant career, crushing the nerveless pigmies of bigotry and intolerance. He was also happy to inform the students, that their project of establishing a *conversazione* among themselves, was viewed with satisfaction by the members of the academy, who, being but senior students, had no other aim than to further the views and uphold the character of those, who were one day to be their successors.

After "the Students of the Royal Academy" had being given, and received with due honors, Mr. Leigh, being, as we understand, one of the senior students actually on the list, delivered the following

ADDRESS:

"Gentlemen,

"We are assembled to celebrate the Anniversary of the Distribution of Medals at the Royal Academy, an event which can be viewed with apathy by those alone who have no industry to stimulate—no emulation to excite. There is something peculiarly interesting in the sight of the youthful aspirant receiving from the hand of his august President the prize due to his merit: hosts of beaming eyes corroborate the justice of the award, hosts of generous bosoms glow with emulous ardour at a triumph which may one day crown their hopes.

"To those who have so lately proclaimed their excellence in the various departments of the Fine Arts our thanks are due; and while we are proud to express our admiration of the talent they have displayed, we are bound to bear honorable testimony to the zeal which has so fully seconded their powers: although in the humbler walks of greatness, such endeavours are duly registered in the annals of British Art. The youthful artist, entering the pictorial field, is an object of deep interest and reflection to his venerable contemporaries; his toils, his hopes, his misgivings have all been their's, while the matured powers of the veterans in Art, present land-marks to their emulous sons. May the arrogance of youth never presume to discard these landmarks; and even as we have been guided, may we, in our turn, become worthy guides to others in the labyrinth of taste.

"May the powers we have been called upon to appreciate in the friends by whom we are surrounded, prove healthy germs planted in a genial soil expanding beneath the dew of success. It is, perhaps, unnecessary to chill the fervour of enthusiasm, by dwelling upon that aphorism, equally painful and true, which depicts early success as a

janus-faced idol, presenting on one side the smile of merited favour, while on the other it offers the care-worn brow of deluded hope. May the smile alone be their's! On them, as the most meritorious, the fame of the rising school must rest; yet, the glorious consummation of talent is but faintly indicated by Academic laurels, which must be regarded as incentives to improvement rather than tokens of decided excellence. They have received the spark which may be fanned into a flame, but the fuel must be supplied by unwearied labour, and undaunted perseverance must tend the expanding blaze. They must be watchful as the Vestal over the sacred fire of her temple; if the flame expire, her fate is symbolical of their's. Let us trust that we may irradiate the sphere of art, and that, with a pure devotion, thousands of patriots, yet unborn, may at no remote period derive exaltation of sentiment from the glowing accents of genius.

"But, gentlemen, let us not be led by the indications of success we have witnessed to disregard omens of evil, nor forget that while we indulge in anticipations of individual merit, the general claims of art loudly demand our attention. The question naturally arises, how are those claims to be satisfied? You must be well aware, gentlemen, that the arrogant and the weak are unceasing in their endeavours to instil into our minds a belief in the supremacy of the British school in every department; many, even, are sufficiently infatuated and ignorant to insist upon our pre-eminence in drawing. It were idle to attempt a refutation of so flimsy an assumption. We boast of much originality and talent, we have brilliant specimens to advance in contradiction of the puerile conclusions of Winckelmann and Du Bos, yet, are we bound in candour to confess, that in spite of occasional greatness and the advantages of an academy, we are deficient in that purity which alone can elevate our school to the pinnacle of greatness. We are Jesuits in all the minute points of refinement—martyrs to hyper-criticism,—shocked at lines and tones which rebel against our egregious code of Draco-laws, yet, are, by a strange anomaly, equal sophists in apologizing for incorrectness of drawing as the necessary result of a genius which spurns all constraint. However ungracious it may appear at the festive board to dwell on the displeasing side of the picture, it is but fulfilling that duty of self-examination, engendered by candour, which is indicative of improvement.

"Patronage with all its boasted charms has too often, by its misapplication, depressed the nobler aspirations, and reduced the artist to the level of the mechanic. There is so much in the artistic charac-

ter which ensures its own reward, that if in conjunction with moderate pecuniary compensation, a due share of interest and respect be devoted to the professors of the liberal arts, the power of patronage is developed—its legitimate destiny is fulfilled. It may seem rather peculiar to under-rate the apparent advantages of a constant sale for the efforts of the pencil, yet, upon a slight consideration of the nature of the profession, upon a survey of its delicate attributes, the most sceptical will be convinced of the danger of inflated success. The artist, whose fame is in the fosterage of fashion, finds his gallery crowded with emulous patrons; his immediate labours suffice not the eager desires of virtue, and commission after commission sounds in his gratified ears. Thus, gentlemen, is an error first developed which is productive of such fatal results. By the shackling nature of a commission the vigour of independence is repressed—the flight of fancy is checked—industry is paralysed: anxiety to answer increasing demands encourages superficial study and hasty execution, while the germs of mannerism are sown by the hand of prodigal patronage. Its baneful influence is still more perceptible in its attempts at elevating minor efforts to the higher ranks of importance, investing them with the attractions of success, and suppressing as useless those nobler aspirations of the mind. Such, gentlemen, are a few of the evils arising from patronage without patriotism, and labour without dignity. If each individual in a mighty state consider his private gratification alone, Nationality ceases to be an imposing whole, and becomes ‘a thing of shreds and patches.’

“Although we are ostensibly assembled to celebrate the triumph of merit, there is yet another intention in this convivial meeting. It is to awaken feelings of interest, not only for the arts, but, for the professors of those arts—to stimulate them to a communion, where congenial minds may find a solace from the fitful fever of the brain, or from the pangs of unrewarded labour. Already have various branches of the profession formed meetings, where art assumes the tone of sociality, and which agreeably blend instruction with amusement. The secondary object of the present union, is to consider the propriety of establishing a similar conversazione for the students of the Royal Academy. The ignorant and the pusillanimous would fain persuade us that active life is incompatible with artistic character: this is the sophistry of timidity, far more worthy of the hermit cell, than the cosmopolite studio. Believe it not, gentlemen, believe rather that the expansion of the heart and mind is the boon of

sociality: It is a magic wand which gives elasticity to feeling, and brightens every prospect. He who would delineate on the canvas a world of thought, feeling and action, must make the world tributary to his efforts; and it is only he who has no claim on the world's forbearance that can venture to resign his birthright as a social being, for, justly has the poet observed,

'Thus God and Nature linked the general frame,
And bade self-love and social be the same.'

"It is feared by some, that the introduction of these periodical clubs is replete with detrimental effects, by leading the ignorant and self-sufficient to a display of their respective weaknesses. This is an evil which must cure itself, for were we called upon in establishing a new society to legislate for the passions and follies of its members, we should be forced to lose sight of the intention professed by all communities—that of emulating excellencies and enduring weaknesses. We therefore invite extended fellowship and reject contumacious cynicism.

"We are professors of beneficent arts: we are disciples of the mightiest of the past, and emulators of the most illustrious of the present: in our turn we may be the depositories of the archives of taste, and become the Magi of pictorial poetry. Let us, then, gird ourselves for the important conflict in which we are expected to take such prominent parts. May the importance of future career give an impetus to our hitherto repressed energies, and may the glory of the past be deemed an object of competition rather than remain a monument of surpassing genius.

"Our arts, gentlemen, are peculiar ones,—it might even be said that they are sensitive ones: they are the offspring of refinement—created by no sensual want—no savage necessity, but engendered by the budding taste of man to form a link between his higher and lower nature. Their origin, then, being so independent of the mere necessities of human beings, they demand a high place in the scale of civilisation. That station has been awarded them by universal assent. The refined in all ages have nourished a devotion to these attributes of intellectuality—these heralds of the soul: they have been installed as the Penates of their households—have spread a charm around existence—have mingled the elements of beauty in man's minutest luxuries, and have captivated alike the aged and the young—the grave and the gay—the learned and the unlearned; they form a

language which appeals to all nations without translation—vivid yet perduring.

"Such being the illustrious destiny of our favourite arts, it behoves us ere we would become priests at the shrine of nature, to endeavour with firmness and enthusiasm to imbibe the influence of moral greatness. Check not that healthful enthusiasm, which exalts, maintains, promotes, which, like the favouring gale, fills and expands the mariner's sail, wafting him on his onward course to the haven of his hopes. Pollute not that glowing stream on which the bark of genius rides triumphant: turn from the contemplation of aught that can dim the beauteous prospects in the smiling regions of fancy, or in the majestic realms of imagination, and let us struggle manfully to pluck from our hearts and brains those noxious feelings and opinions, which are at variance with the simple morality and intellectual beauty of the refined arts.

"We can only add, where so much has been explained, that any thing which can tend to bring artists into fraternal contact must necessarily tend to instil into their sensitive natures a feeling for the dignity and independence of their profession, and, while it teaches the world that they and their respective arts are the promulgators and the badges of civilisation, it will, at the same time, inculcate in their own minds a knowledge of what is due from themselves, as well as from others, to their characters as arbiters of the employment of refined arts, whose value is either depreciated or enhanced as they pander to depraved imaginations, or strike the delicate chords of the feeling heart and chastened mind."

We shall be happy to be instrumental in furthering the views of the students thus assembled, and though, as we have reason to know, too many have been found to slight the present intention, amongst even those whom it most concerns—we trust that the common interests of the arts will unite all the students of the Royal Academy in the arena of fellowship about to be established.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

A LARGE picture has recently been discovered in the vaults of Guildhall, upon which speculation is afloat without having as yet been able to clear the bounds of ignorant assumption. The subject appears to

be the Battle of Azincourt or Agincourt and from the style it is certainly modern. I should even, from the hand-writing of the brush, be tempted to attribute it to Sir R. K. Porter, whose known facility of pencil would suit this *enormous deed of arms*; for, verily, the picture is as great an achievement as the battle. It is far from being in a high style, but for what it professes to be is certainly a most surprising picture! and as a representation of a truly national subject, it is hoped that it will serve a better purpose than to be used as a carpet at the next civic dinner, or be turned into a covering for bales of cotton and other valuable merchandize. Pray, Sir, call attention to it, for it is well worthy of a place in a National Gallery.

I am, Sir,

RAMBLER.

ON COMPOSITION IN PAINTING.

MR. EDITOR,

WITH regard to the wishes of your correspondent T. M. "On the Elucidation of Art," (in the November number of your Magazine,) more especially on the subject of Composition, I would refer him to a work already before the public. It is called, "Practical hints on Composition in painting, illustrated by the great masters of the Italian, Flemish, and Dutch Schools, by John Burnet." And it might be added of the English School likewise, as some of these illustrations are from the works of West, Wilkie, &c.

The talents of the latter able and ingenious artist are well known, not only from his splendid painting of the Chelsea Pensioners, but also from his other various skilful compositions; and for the satisfaction of your correspondent, as well as that of your other artistical readers, I shall give a short quotation from Mr. Burnet's work.

"Composition is the art of arranging figures or objects, so as to adapt them to any particular subject. In Composition, four requisites are necessary;—that the story be well told; that it possess a good general form; that it be so arranged as to be capable of receiving a proper effect of light and shade; and that it be susceptible of an agreeable disposition of colour. The *form* of a Composition is best suggested by the subject or design, as the fitness of the adaptation ought to appear to emanate from the circumstances themselves: hence the variety of Compositions."

Then after other preliminary matter he observes that: "Concealing the art is one of its greatest beauties, and he best can accomplish

that who can discover it under all its disguises. I ought however to caution the young artist on this head, not to be too fastidious in trying to conceal what can be obvious only to a small number, for in endeavouring to render his design more intricate, he may destroy character, simplicity and breadth; qualities which affect and are appreciated by every one."

Mr. Burnet then proceeds to illustrate the angular and circular forms of Composition both by example and precept. Under the angular, that of the pyramidal form is perhaps best calculated for general application; and whether obtained by the grouping and contrast of the figures or other objects in the picture, such as light, colour, or accidental circumstances, concealment, as the writer observes, will best shew the skill by which it is effected. Your correspondent may also find the subject of Composition treated in No. 6, of your Magazine for April 1833, as well as in other preceding numbers in which much of the essential qualities of art are commented upon, with reference to Webb's "Enquiry into the Beauties of Painting, and into the merits of the most celebrated painters, Ancient and Modern."

Should this brief communication in any degree satisfy your intelligent correspondent, in the matter of what has already been done on the subject of his wishes, it will no less gratify your obedient servant,

R. Dayley

ON WOOD ENGRAVING AND PRINTING.— PUCKLE'S CLUB.

SIR,

In the present age of cheap, economical, *machine-literature*, when quantity, more than quality, is sought for by the voracious reader, and which is also amply provided by the penny publisher—it is not only refreshing, but truly delighting to see—to feast on, the wit and wisdom of a former age, garnished with beautiful wood-cuts, and served up by such a tasteful purveyor of literature and art as Whittingham. Such a publication is the new edition of "Puckle's Club."* But this is only one among many exquisite morceaus from the Chiswick typographic confectionary: and, although it is a fine specimen of the scientific printer's art, we regard it as inferior to the second volume of Northcote's fables from the same press. The cuts are the

* The Club; or, a Gray Cap for a Green Head. A Dialogue between a Father and Son. By James Puckle—Chiswick Press—Whittingham, small 8vo.

productions of artists who have had much practice, since the year 1817, and most of them have made considerable improvement—they are also familiar to us by a former edition of the same “club” worked by Johnson, and pressed on our attention as fine specimens of wood engraving, and of block or wood-cut typography—hence they have the charm of newness and freshness, every connoisseur and critic, like the playful child, requires perpetual novelty as well as beauty, to please his fastidious appetite. It will be our task and duty therefore, to take up the present edition of Puckle’s club, more as a specimen of typographic art than of literature; yet we may be excused for making a few remarks, *en passant*, on its characteristics in the latter quality. Quaint, smart, sententious—with humour and satire: the author under the fictitious name of James Puckle,* has given some spirited descriptive, and dramatic sketches of his contemporaries. Puckle, like Bishop Earle, Butler, &c. drew the characters of men by a few masterly lines or touches; and has thus brought into his club and described twenty-four different personages, amongst whom are an antiquary, a buffoon, a critic, a flatterer, a knave, a lawyer, a news-monger, a quack, a rake, an usurer, a projector, a squire, a detractor, a gamester, an impertinent, &c. &c. Some peculiarities of character in each of these are pointed out, and the father makes moral, ironical, or satirical allusions as the son describes the personages of the club: thus, “many cups, many diseases; too much oil chokes the lamp—drinking healths according to St. Austin, was invented by pagans and infidels, who in their sacrifices consecrated them to the honor, name and memory of Beelzebub.—Health drinking, infringes King Ahasuerus’s royal law,† tends to excess and is not expedient. For wine immoderately taken, makes men think themselves wondrous wise.”

* In a neatly written preface to the present edition, signed “S. W. S.” the well known, and discriminating annotator on an edition of Shakespeare’s plays from the same press; it is stated, “Though this little book has a name prefixed to it, and though we are presented with a ‘lively effigy’—i. e. portrait—of James Puckle in its front, it is still ‘*Stat nominis umbra*’—but the shadow of a name. who or what he was we scarcely know. We are told that he was ‘a notary public, living in chambers, and at one time of great reputation for integrity;’ but this is the sum of our information”.—The first edition was published in 1711—and in 1733, a fifth edition was published by the author. To the edition of 1723, is a portrait engraved by Cole, from a painting by Clortiman, and this was twice re-engraved by Virtue for other editions. To the edition now before me, is a vignette portrait engraved on wood by Mr. Thompson, which at once serves to shew his consummate skill, as it exemplifies that of the painter. It makes the head by Bragg, in the edition of 1817, appear flat and insipid. † Eccles. x. 12.

The few remarks on the buffoon will exemplify the literary style and matter of the work. "A buffoon, skilled in making wry mouths, mimical gestures, and antic postures, was ever misconstruing and perverting other's words to a preposterous, or filthy meaning; or showing his parts in flat, insipid quibbles, and clinches, jingling of words or syllables in scraps of verses or senseless rhymes, and in all the drags and refuse of wit.—His talk was obscene, his bantering too coarse, too rude, too bitter, or too pedantic; out of season, or out of measure." On these and some other similar traits of character, as told by the son, the father is made to remark, "Some use their wits as braves wear stilettoes, not for defence but mischief; or like Solomon's madman* cast firebrands, arrows and death, and say 'am not I in sport'—drols and buffoons, whilst they think to make sport for others, commonly become laughing stocks themselves, to all, but those who pity them—he whose jests make others afraid of his wit, had need be afraid of their memory."—This short specimen of the author, will serve to shew what the reader may expect from the literary delineations of the club.—I wish I could as easily impart to the reader, a faithful and impressive account of the designs by Mr. Thurston, and the engravings by Thompson, Branston and Son, Hughes, White, Harvey, Thurston Jun., Miss Byfield, and Nesbit. The works of these artists can only be duly and fully appreciated by examining their respective works; not merely as exhibited in the columns before us, but when compared with others in the same department of art, and still further when compared and contrasted with themselves as seen in the common edition of Puckle's club already alluded to. That volume is now before us, and serves at once to make us humble and proud. When it appeared, the artists and critics highly applauded its typographic merits; and much parade of "sound and fury," was used to extol and "puff it off." Large paper and india paper proofs; coloured and "wire-wove" papers were called in requisition to give the artists and the printer all the advantages of tint and texture; but such has been the improvements made in typographic science; and likewise in all the mechanical and chemical powers and properties of presses, ink and paper, that even the common copies of the edition of 1834, surpass the best of 1817; but if we look at an india paper impression of the Chiswick edition, we see the palpable effect of taste, on objects that are commonly considered merely mechanical. Most of the wood-cuts, or blocks are the same, and these cannot have been

* Proverbs xxvi, 18, as translated to have, "disgraced."

improved by keeping for seventeen years:* yet such is the difference—the improvement in their effects of the present impressions on the critical eye, that we pause before we pronounce them to be from the same cuts. Not only all the finer hair lines of the engraving produce their required and proper quantity of colour, but the dark masses and middle tints come out in their due and appropriate tones. Herein we perceive something beyond the mere pressman's skill,—something higher than practical care, and all the advantages of ink, paper and machinery: we see indeed that union of judgment, and knowledge, and sensibility called taste. This enviable attribute is further manifested in the display of the title-page, with the exquisite vignette portrait on wood by Thompson—in the disposing and arrangement of the various cuts, both head and tail-pieces, with the size and face of the type, which is placed near the respective prints. In the edition of 1817, the printer placed black letters of "**THE CLUB**," immediately over every head-piece: and thus made a dark spot preponderate over, and subdue the deepest part of the picture—The size of these letters also detracted from the relative magnitude and expression of every head and figure. In the tasteful, and truly exquisite compositions of Turner, and in those of Martin, both of whom often produce the marvellous in art, we never see subordinate objects, or episodes take the place of principals, or even intrude on the eye, to the injury of the whole picture, to the prejudice of the sentiment and expression intended by the master artist. Look at those two splendid volumes of art and poetic talent published by Mr. Rogers—volumes that should be enshrined in every royal, noble, and choice library of the world, and inscribed "samples of graphic and literary taste!"—I say view, examine and analyse these, and improvement, with its attendant pleasure must be the result. If we merely look at the endless variety displayed by Turner and Stothard, (that accomplished veteran, and revered master of grace and beauty) in the composition, effects, and playful unbounded extremities of their vignettes, we must admit that the genius of taste guided the pencil of skill in every touch. So in the numerous drawings on wood, for engraving, by Thurston, for the present "club," and for other works; and more particularly in those by W. Harvey, who commenced his graphic career, with the famed Bewick, we are presented with an almost

* In the editor's preface it is remarked, that the engravings of the volume, "from the very limited impression taken from them had not sustained the least injury, and they have now had the advantage of the superintending hand of Mr. Thompson, and of the very superior printing of Mr. Whittingham."

countless variety in the arrangement and composition of groups of human figures, of landscapes, buildings, rock, mountain and water—of “still life,” active life, of playful forms, and of contrasted effects—of light, shade, middle-tint, &c. &c. “The designs of Mr. Thurston,” says the editor of the club before me, “have great merit in the conception and execution, and remind us forcibly of those admirable designs which the inimitable Chodowiecki, made for the most popular books published in Germany, during the latter part of the last century.”

As it will be impossible to do justice to the tripartite union of draughtsman, engraver, and printer, and shew their mutual interest, and mutual obligations to others in the compass of the present paper, it is my intention to resume the subject in another number of your valuable magazine, and endeavour to award due justice to each in making some further remarks, on the volume which occasioned the present communication—on Northcote’s Fables—the Zoological Gardens—and other similarly embellished books.

December 19th, 1833.

I. Brylton

CRITICAL NOTICES.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

DURING the last month the various prizes for the best specimens of sculpture, drawing, painting, and modelling were awarded to the several, successful candidates. The gold medal, of the highest class, which is always given to historical painting, was not this year delivered to either of the artists whose ambition had led them to compete for it. The subject painted was “Thetis consoling Achilles for the death of Patroclus.” We are always sorry when honorable industry fails to obtain its reward, but in this instance its retention was justifiable.

Mr. Edgar G. Papworth obtained the gold medal, together with the discourse of West and Reynold’s for the best group in sculpture; the subject was “Leucothea presenting the scarf to Ulysses.” As a beautiful composition and admirably executed group it highly deserves the honorable distinction it obtained; but, and we mean not to depreciate so elegant an instance of art, we could have wished it had been any other subject; for, we taxed our imagination to the utmost, to find out in it any attribute of Homer beyond the mere fact of the nymph bestowing the scarf upon the man of many woes. There are in its com-

position, attendant subordinates, *none* of which are mentioned by the Grecian Bard, who expressly tells us

"Swift as a sea-mew springing from the flood
All radiant on the raft the goddess stood."

It was the solitary kind act of the pitying sea-nymph, who had been a mortal herself, to rescue the hero oppressed; she brought him aid and told him,

"This heav'nly scarf beneath thy bosom bind,
And live; give all thy terrors to the wind."

Homer most poetically describes the action of Leucothea as rapid in the extreme "*swift as a sea-mew*" and this simile of the celerity of her motion has been curiously misconstrued by some translators, who have blundered so far as to imagine that she actually appeared in the shape of a sea-fowl, unmindful that such position would not only have hindered her bringing a scarf, but have rendered it impossible to direct him in its use. Leucothea, as a *subordinate deity*, would it is fair to imagine not willingly incur the displeasure of Neptune by rescuing a man whom his wrath had condemned, and that her act of benevolence was therefore performed in the *greatest haste* is warranted by the text;

"With that, her hand the sacred veil bestows,
Then down the depths she div'd from whence she rose;
A moment snatch'd the shipwreck form away
And all was cover'd with the curling sea."

We think, however, that the prize was justly deserved by the sculptor for his exquisite skill as an artist, though we cannot allow the palm to his conception of the poet—we may not leave this subject without adverting to another specimen of art, on the same theme, which stood at the opposite corner of the room. We could not approach sufficiently near to appreciate its mechanical merits, but were delighted with the truly classical manner in which the artist had treated the subject. Here Ulysses stood more like the steel-nerved genius of the storm, than the likely victim of terrible power; firm and collectedly he grasped the helm, while before him was Leucothea, just risen from the wave and presenting the scarf for his preservation—it was indeed a desolate scene—it was beautiful—it was Homer.

Mr. John Davis Payne obtained similar prizes for an architectural design of an imaginary Royal Exchange, which was very beautifully conceived.

The silver medal was given to Mr. John Stone for the best copy in

the school of painting; he was one of five candidates. The best drawing from the life obtained the silver medal, which was adjudged to Mr. Edward Petre Novello, but as he had previously obtained that honor, it was transferred to Mr. John Stone, as the next deserving in that department of art. The lectures of Fuseli, Opie and Barry, together with the silver medal were given to Mr. Henry Edward Kendall for the best drawings of the front of St. Bride's Church and Steeple, Fleet Street. There were six candidates in this branch of science, two of whom were fortunate, as Mr. William Wright also received the silver medal for the second best drawing on the same. For the best drawing from the antique, the silver medal and lectures of Opie and Fuseli were awarded to Mr. John B. Swaine; there were fifteen candidates for these honors. Mr. John C. Horsley had the silver medal adjudged to him, but having received it on a former occasion, it was delivered to Mr. Alfred D. Lemon for the next best drawing on this head; there were four candidates for the silver medal. For models from the antique, Mr. E. W. Wyon was successful.

Immediately after the prizes had been distributed at the Royal Academy, on Tuesday December 10th, the General Assembly proceeded to appoint officers for the ensuing year, when Sir Martin Archer Shee was unanimously re-elected President. Council, (New List)—G. S. Newton, and W. Mulready, Esqrs. Sir J. Wyatville, and G. Jones, Esq. (Old List)—H. P. Briggs, R. Westall, and R. R. Reinagle, Esqrs. and Sir Wm. Beechey.

Visitors in the Life Academy—(New List)—A. E. Chalon, C. L. Eastlake, J. M. W. Turner, and D. Wilkie, Esqrs. (Old List)—E. H. Bailey, W. Mulready, H. P. Briggs, C. R. Leslie, and C. Rossi, Esqrs.

Visitors in the School of Painting. (New List)—C. L. Eastlake, S. Philips, H. Howard, and A. E. Chalon, Esqrs.

(Old List)—H. P. Briggs, W. Collins, C. R. Leslie, and D. Wilkie, Esqrs.

Auditors re-elected.—W. Mulready, J. M. W. Turner, and R. Westmacott, Esqrs.

Illustrations of the Bible. By JOHN MARTIN.

Parts I. II. III. IV. V. VI.

IN our last number we took occasion to notice those peculiar points of superiority in style, design and execution, which distinguish the

compositions of Mr. Martin from those of any other artist. We alluded simply to the *Belshazzar's Feast*, the *Joshua commanding the sun to stand still*, and the *Nineveh*,—these subjects were all drawn from the Bible; and from the pages of this book has Mr. Martin again taken the subjects of these illustrations. In the introduction he remarks, that, "No attentive reader of the Bible will fail to observe, that it abounds in subjects singularly fitted for graphic illustration. The grandeur and importance of the events described,—the awful and mysterious character of so many of the incidents,—the romantic scenery of the countries in which they occurred,—the picturesque costume of the inhabitants,—and the extent and majesty of their public buildings,—form, altogether, a mass of materials particularly calculated for pictorial display. In, by far the greatest portion of, Sacred History there is scarcely a page that does not seem to afford a subject for a picture."

"The Creation," is a fine design—the darkness of chaos is represented as passing away from the face of the deep, and the rocks and great foundations of the earth are starting into light beneath the transit of the sun, and moon, and the thousand stars of heaven over the newly-created realms of space, whilst "the Spirit of God" moves in hushed and mysterious solemnity over the face of the waters. It is in the conception and delineation of such unearthly visions as these, that Mr. Martin puts forth all his powers. The startling contrast of the light and darkness, in this print, is finely imagined, and the mezzotinto is admirably executed.

"The Fall of Man," is a rich and glowing scene of Paradise, a beautiful Eden of rocks, vallies, streams, waterfalls, woods, and high cedars, shining in the bright and everlasting glory of an unclouded sky. The perspective is finely designed, and the different parts harmonise well with one another—the effect of the sunshine on the rocks in the distance contrasts well with the dark embowering shadows in the fore-ground—and the whole picture is conceived in the richest style of art.

"Adam and Eve hearing the judgment of the Almighty,"—the Eden scenery in this design is of a more simple and poetical character—the time represented is "the cool of the day," and this has afforded the artist a fine subject for his fancy,—a gleam of glory from amidst the dark shade of embowering trees, conceals from our first parents the presence of the Almighty,—the trees and heavy foliage are finely designed, and the still darkness of a quiet lake is brought in as an appropriate necessary: far beyond is the last gleam of sunset tinging

the summits of the cedar trees; and the whole region of Eden land, and the sky above, repose in the still hushed solemnity of the rising moon and the early vesper-stars. The distant scenery has a character of quiet contemplation—the incident in the fore-ground is the principal sketch.

"The Expulsion," is a barren, rocky, desert scene, the ground seems accursed with darkness and desolation, and this effect is aided still more by the representation, in the distance, of the lightnings flaming around the gate of Paradise, revealing all the woodland glory and majesty within. It is a gloomy and saddening picture.

In "The Death of Abel," the scene is of a similar character, nearly resembling in this respect the last design—the same rocks, the same darkness and light, and disposed in a like manner and situation as in the last engraving.

"The Deluge," presented to the artist one of those terrible and overwhelming events which the extent of his imagination, and his rich capacity for design, could well serve to illustrate. We think the illustration in this scene presents a wilder field of awful and terrible phenomena than the larger engraving of the same subject did. Here he has represented a vast plain of rocks, intersected with chasms and ravines of gloomiest depth and blackness—over which all the desolating events of storm, terror, lightning, whirlwind, and horrible tempest are incessantly uniting and mingling together. The sunset, gleaming like a tomb-fire over the waters, the lightning shooting athwart its disk, and the ark riding in safety over the flood that seems scarcely to rock around it, are all so many points of stirring interest in this terrible scene.

"The Covenant," was one of those great and mysterious events which for grandeur and beauty of effect, would, we thought, have presented the artist with a richer and bolder sketch than he has given. The bow in the heavens appears but secondary in effect to the wild rocks and savage scenery, over which we can scarcely say it hangs. We think this print a failure both in design, composition, and general effect.

"The Destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah," presented a fine scene for lavishing all the exertions of a powerful display of the terrific vengeance of Heaven, in storm, tempest, and whirlwind—there was room afforded for a fine perspective sway of architecture—and of those opportunities Mr. Martin has finely availed himself—we regret however, that he should have introduced the awkward figure of Lot's wife in so prominent a manner—it required not this to heighten the interest of

the scene, and in our opinion it detracts much from the general grandeur of effect, of the other parts of the picture. "The Daughter of Pharaoh finding the infant Moses," is wanting in general tone and harmony of effect.—The architecture wants relief, the masses of foliage are too dark and heavy, the atmosphere over the view is misty—and here, as in the last engraving, we must remark upon the incongruous introduction of the mother of Moses starting up from the thickets, and habited apparently in a rich loose dress—this should not have been—it detracts much from the otherwise picturesque effect of that part of the engraving.

"The Seventh Plague of Egypt," is a different arrangement of design from the one which was engraved in "The Forget-me-not" some years since, and superior altogether in composition and general effect. The architecture is bold and massive, the long lines of column and terrace gleam rich and golden, beneath the flash of the lightning—the pharos-lights glare through the stormy darkness, and Pharaoh and his court supplicate the prophet to arrest the impending tempest—all these scenes presented fine effects for Mr. Martin's peculiar style of design, and light and shade—he has employed them with able and judicious effect, and the scene is one which well displays the powers which this artist possesses of depicting the vast, the great and the terrible.

"Moses and the Burning Bush,"—this is one of the richest scenes of rock and wildness in the series—the artist has combined all the varieties of savage wildness with great effect. The burning light of the bush is revealed to a great extent over the tops of the trees, and the rocks give a great and judicious grandeur of effect to the general composition.—It is a scene such as a high study of artistical tone and effect only could have produced.

"The Destruction of Pharaoh's Host," is the last one we have to notice, and in our opinion it is the grandest and richest in all those great and surprising varieties of light and shade, composition, tone, and general harmony, which are so distinguishingly characteristic of the genius of the artist. The mighty conflict and whirlwind of the elements, accompanying the consummation of so powerful and dreadful a vengeance is imagined very finely—the burst, and the terrific uproar of the waters, overwhelming horsemen and chariots, is that portion of the illustration which is greatly deserving of praise.—The cloudy pillar of fire leading the chosen people, and the display of the long lines of these countless thousands, passing through the wilderness in triumph and rejoicing, form a fine rich contrast to the terrible de-

struction of their enemies. The design is in many particulars the finest of the series.

We have already accorded to Mr. Martin that praise, which is so justly his due, in correct drawing of his architectural perspective, in his fine and glowing conceptions of the Eden—and in the savage wildness with which he depicts the scenery of rocks and a desert wilderness. In these points of high artistical beauty he is unrivalled, and in the facility, ease, and clearness, with which he engraves in mezzotinto the designs of his own rich and vivid imagination, these illustrations deserve strong commendation; there is however one point on which, in our former notice, we took occasion to express our unqualified dissent and disapproval—we allude to the complete, and we had almost said, forced anatomical incorrectness of his figures—and those (whether male or female) which he has introduced here, strengthen greatly the general truth and correctness of the remarks, which we made on this subject. The different postures in which he has placed Adam and Eve in the first four designs, are strikingly incorrect—every muscle, and every fibre of the body, are called into strong and powerful action; whether the limbs be at rest or not, the same muscular impression of energy is present—they are incorrect likewise in their foreshortening, and, by their bad position, they frequently mar the general beauty of the design: in proof of this statement, we may refer to the print of the Daughter of Pharaoh finding the infant Moses. But these faults are overlooked in the general beauty and correctness of the other portions of these illustrations—and it is gratifying to us to observe, that in most points, wherein we estimated the character of this artist at its highest excellence, our observations were founded both on justice and truth.

Engravings from the works of the late Henry Liverseege.

Moon, Boys, and Graves.

THE seventh part of this beautiful publication affords an additional proof how closely the art of the engraver can express the painter's effect. It consists of three exquisitely finished mezzotinto prints; two by Bromly and the third by Combs. We begin, as in duty bound, by "Popping the Question"—The figures here are well portrayed. No one can regard the ridiculous aspect of the aged and embarrassed suitor, the hardly to be suppressed laughter of the lady whose face and manner are admirable; together with the serio-comic expression of the parrot, who appears perfectly sensible of all that is going forward,

without infinite amusement.—“*Lacy Ashton*” at the Mermaiden’s well. Many a tear has been shed at the perusal of the “*Bride of Lammermoor*,” and melancholy feelings engendered, which the contemplation of this delightful gem is far from being calculated to disperse. The *chiaro-oscuro* is well maintained throughout, and the woodland scenery beautifully developed. The position and drapery of the ill-fated maiden, with her dark locks, are well expressed, though we think the glove on her right hand somewhat stiff. This print is in our opinion, the most highly finished of the three, and reminds us strongly of the relics of that great master in the art, Bartolozzi.—“*Parental Affection*” is prettily done. The faces of the father and child are life itself, and the picture frame, hanging in the room, exceedingly good.

Whoever shall possess these engravings, will hold no contemptible memento of the lamented Liverseege. *None*

Twenty Illustrations to Turner’s Annual Tour.

Moon, Boys, and Graves.

OUR conviction on opening the portfolio which contains these admirable engravings was, that they need no Chronicler to speak their praise. But, as our duties will not permit us to revel in the selfish gratification of so delicious a treat, we shall endeavour, with the best of our ability, to point out the most prominent beauties where all is beautiful. Mr. Turner has again laid his fellow countrymen under deep obligation to him, by employing the pencil of a magician in delineating those scenes and places, whence, of olden time, the invading Norman brought war and conquest on our Saxon ancestors. “*Light Towers of the Heve*,” by *Cousin*, is a very beautiful *avant-courier* to the scenes which follow. The moon-light is well expressed, and the fishermen and receding steam boat thrown into admirable relief.—“*Rouen Cathedral, Higham*.” This engraving is indeed a *chef d’œuvre*. Well may the artist exult, whose conceptions can thus be multiplied! This plate appears to us as faultless: the eye cannot tire at its chaste composition; the lights are judiciously distributed, and the deepened shadow which falls on part of the Western Front and North Tower well imagined. The manner in which the architecture is portrayed, must be seen, to be duly appreciated; for saint and statue, niche and window, pinnacle and crocket are all blended together in exquisite

harmony. We leave this gem of art, with the firm conviction that its observer will agree with us in thinking it, a fairly scene—

———"of shapely stone
By foliaged tracery combined."

"Chateau de Tancarville"—*Brandard*. An excellent engraving; the delusion is perfect, Mr. Turner has admirably conquered the great difficulty of representing a landscape as lying beneath our feet. The ruined walls of the Chateau, the deep ravine between them and the group on the hill, afford incontrovertible proof of the truth of our remark. "Havre."—The light of the sun almost dazzles the spectator in contemplating this plate. The grouping, both of the craft in the harbour and the busy assembly on shore, is as well imagined as Allen has contrived most delicately to engrave it. "Tancarville"—*Willmore*. We have a fine old castle presented to our view in this plate, with its lofty turrets and "Massy-more" frowning in grandeur upon us.

"Rouen"—*Miller*. This view is taken from the south-west, and represents a distant view of the Norman capital, with its river and bridges. The road, winding at the bottom of the hill, is an additional proof of the graphic powers of Turner. "Lillebonne"—*Willmore*. A very delightful engraving. The gaunt and ivy-clad towers of the chateau, form a fine scene when contrasted with the busy assemblage in the valley beneath. "Scene between Quillebœuf and Villequier." This is another beautiful specimen of the power of *Brandard's* graver. We do not generally admire masses of smoke, or consider steam-boats as delicate instances of the picturesque, but every subject here is so highly managed, that we must be cautious lest we incur the charge of being fastidious. Mr. Turner has positively given the appearance of motion to the vessel, and the letting off the steam in the boat a-stern, is excellent. The lights and shadows reflected in the water are beautifully described, and the white sails of the distant small craft prettily delineated. "Lillebonne"—*Jeavons*. This is another view of the castle of Lillebonne, combining the town beneath; the tower and spire of the church rising up in the midst of the valley in which it is situate, are very effective. "Quillebœuf"—*Brandard*. The sea here is very beautifully imagined and expressed; the surf breaking on the top of one of the waves is excellently done, and no nautical eye, can regard the varying inclination of the spars of the distant vessels, without pleasure. The church, with its Norman doors and windows, is a very interesting object. The general effect of this engraving, will, we

think, be gratifying to all; it speaks indeed its own merits, and without the adjuvancy of its tempestuous billows, we deem ourselves justified, from the appearance of the windmill on the heights, in the assertion that it must be blowing hard,

We shall resume the consideration of these beautiful prints in our next.

Finden's Landscape Illustrations, to Mr. Murray's first complete and uniform edition, of the Life and Works of Lord Byron. Part XX.
London; Murray, Tilt, 1833.

THE illustrations in this number are fully equal, in beauty of design and delicacy of execution, to those which have preceded them. "The Giralda" in Seville, from a drawing by *J. F. Lewis*, is a fine specimen of the picturesque architecture of that country, and to which the artist has done full justice—the drawing is clear and effective, and has been transferred very carefully to the burin, by *Mr. E. Finden*,—the light gothic design and fanciful arabesque work on the walls of the tower, are well engraved, and the clear southern sky in the distance, throws up the buildings in the fore-ground.

"Cephalonia" is a rich bit of Grecian scenery, drawn by *J. M. W. Turner*, from a sketch by *W. Page*, the drawing is rich and sunny, as all Turner's are; but the engraving is indistinct, especially the line of mountains in the distance, which are ill defined, and its general appearance is unfinished and scratchy. "St. Mark's" in Venice, is from a drawing by *Prout*, and affords a rich display of the romantic and beautiful architecture of this fine city,

"Glorious still in all her old decay."

This engraving is the finest in the present number, and will take rank with the best of those which have preceded it.

The view of "Constantinople" from Pera, is drawn by *E. T. Parris*, from a sketch by *Captain Roberts*, and we must blame the artist for drawing from a sketch (whether finished or not we are ignorant of) that affords but a meagre and insignificant view of a city, which, richly deserves De Lamartine's poetical epithet of the "city of the moon." The Bosphorus lies between the spectator and the city, but the view gains nothing by this, it is cold and artificial, and the engraver in copying it has taken especial care to preserve this appearance. The likeness of Gifford, the editor of the *Quarterly Review*, is a

sedate and sober resemblance of the critic seated in his editorial chair : this engraving is the best which Mr. E. Finden has produced in the present number. Whether considered as works or embellishments of art, these "Illustrations" will rank high in the admiration of all who possess them,—they are certainly the finest, with the exception of Brockedon's Passes of the Alps, which we have ever had the opportunity of noticing.

The Gallery of the Graces. Part IX. London; Tilt.

THE original design of this work, was as elegant and tasteful as we had hoped its execution would have been—the idea of thus uniting the sister arts of poetry and painting, was a most graceful one, and the earlier numbers afforded ample proof of the truth of this assertion, when the designer and the engraver worked hand in hand, and the consequent result was the production of a work which all admired for its beauty, and not a few for the happy union of taste and feeling which it displayed. We regret, therefore, the more that it should now show an evident falling off; the present number will prove the truth and justice of our observations.

"The Gondola," from a design by *G. Brown*, and engraved by *W. H. Mote*, wants that general delicacy and contour of beauty, which is expected in fancy drawings of this kind. The attitude of the figure is stiff, formal and uneasy; the length of the arm is too great, and the shoulder should have been rounded off more easily. Neither is the general expression of the countenance of the most pleasing nature. The engraving is generally light and delicate.

"The Pleasing Thought," from a painting by *W. Borall*, engraved by *R. Artlett*, is the best design in the present number—it is a specimen of the correct taste which the painter possesses, and the engraver has done justice to it.

"Isabel," engraved by *J. Wagstaff*, from a design by *G. Brown*, is one which should not have been admitted at all. The figure of Isabel is stiff and formal. The engraving wants clearness and is very scratchy.

"The Poetical Illustrations," are by *T. K. Hervey*, *Miss Landon*, and *Barry Cornwall*. We hope the ensuing numbers of this work will shew a greater spirit of improvement in the general beauty of the designs as well as in the execution of them.

Nineteen Illustrations of Heath's Book of Beauty for 1834.

Moon, Boys, and Graves.

It would be perhaps impossible to exceed the beauty of these engravings, which set before us the representation of the human form and features belonging to that sex, who we have ever considered as forming an intervening grade between man and the angels. They are indeed executed in a most superior style; the wild and beautiful, the pensive and the gay, the softening beauty and the proud dark eye, are all made subjects of exquisite illustration. The first we shall notice is a lovely portrait of the noble and beautiful editoress, who presides over the work which these plates so elegantly adorn. "The Countess of Blessington," from a drawing, by *E. T. Parris*, engraved by *J. Thompson*. The head and neck are well set upon the shoulders, and the whole figure finely depicted. The drapery is beautiful; and the arm is shown through the transparent blonde, in a manner which we never remember to have seen surpassed. The "Vignette," by *Corbould*, is very classical. "Chyl-lena," engraved by *H. Robinson*, reflects great credit on its fair paintress, *Miss L. Sharp*. "Francesca," drawn by *W. Borall*, and engraved by *W. H. Mote*, is worthy of the beautiful poem to which it is allied; and we rejoice in the escape of so fair a form from the dull monotony of conventual gloom. "Mary Lester," *E. T. Parris*, engraved by *H. T. Ryall*. In the countenance of the fugitive are strongly portrayed doubt, hope, and a knowledge of error, without any indications of a disposition to retrace her steps. The timid action of the left arm is admirable, and her cautious position and noiseless foot-fall, tell us that she is leaving the abode of peaceful security, "Con cor tremante, e con tremante piede." "Lady C. A. W. Villiers." We do not admire the design of this engraving; there is a degree of stiffness and affectation in the position which we cannot reconcile in the fairy form before us. "Phœbe." *A. E. Chalons*, *R. A.* engraved by *H. T. Ryall*, a very amusing picture and fit companion to the poem it precedes. "Rosalie," engraved by *H. Robinson*, from a drawing by *E. T. Parris* is beautiful. There is a degree of fascination throughout the composition, and we see the form of Rosalie standing

"In maiden meditation fancy free."

"Catherine Seymour," by *E. Stone*, is a very beautiful specimen of

art; it is engraved by *W. H. Egleton*.—"Flora," engraved by *H. T. Ryall*. Miss Sharpe has afforded us an admirable specimen of her skill in this picture; the head and hair are well managed, and the eyes, those true tale-bearers of the human heart, are described with faithfulness and vivacity. We could gaze upon this delightful gem for hours.—"Matilda," from a drawing by *Stone*, engraved by *J. Thomson*, is a sweet composition; the countenance is expressive, and the dress, particularly about the shoulders, well brought out. The water in the back-ground constitutes an effective relief. "Rebecca," engraved by *H. Robinson*. In this splendid production Mr. Chalon gives us so strong a proof of just perception that we do not hesitate in saying that the true impression of the high-souled Jewess, imagined by Sir Walter Scott, has been imprinted on a kindred brain. We confess our inability to expatiate on this exquisite production, and lament much its position at the commencement of a tale, which, however well told it might have been considered *mutatis personis*, must fall into disrepute when contrasted with the noble heroine of "Ivanhoe." We perceive that it is from an anonymous author, a circumstance at which we are not in the least surprised. Our only astonishment is, that there should be found a wight, "within the four seas which girt Britain," who, with vizor closed and unemblazoned shield, could be bold enough to dare the mighty champion of the north to the splintering of a spear, with the certainty of losing both saddle and stirrup in the course. It is indeed a daring attempt! and if the writer hopes for praise we think he will be disappointed; for the character of Rebecca of York is a beloved one amid the heroines of fiction. We will not recognize the noble, gallant-hearted maiden in analogy with shameful degradation and prostrated principles. No, wherever in the literary tournament his shield shall be hung up, there may the author depend that it will be struck upon with the steely point of the lance. There remain two other engravings for our consideration, "Lucy," by *F. Stone*, which does not strike us as presenting any thing very remarkable, if we except the easy manner in which the face reclines upon the hand. The other, and last, is "Alice," by the same painter, and engraved, as well as the former, by *H. Robinson*; it reminds us, in some respects, of the "Muscipula" of Sir Joshua Reynolds. We have now passed through the consideration of these lovely engravings, during which we have felt that we were merely commentators on a subject which needed no aid or praise of ours to ensure their support. Wherever they shall be found there will they

be cherished and admired, for in them is fulfilled the command of our favorite Roman:—

"dulcia sunt
Et quocunque volent, animum spectatoris agunt."

Review

Fifty-six Engravings, Illustrative of the Pleasures of Memory and other Poems, By SAMUEL ROGERS, Esq. From Drawings by J. M. W. TURNER, R. A.; and THOMAS STOTHARD, R. A. MOOD, Boyce, and Graves.

METHINK we hear the courteous reader exclaim, "Some of these same editors are good-natured fellows enough, and seem inclined not to be extreme in marking what is done amiss!" We crave your pardon, gentle friend, and assure you that we have little claim to a character for universal benevolence; but when we reflect upon the softened landscapes of a Turner, and dwell with delight among the "Canterbury Pilgrims," we hail with a degree of enthusiasm the productions of the one, and are charmed with the duty of again examining any of the elegant effusions of the venerable Stothard. But truce to this discussion, and let us sit down together. We have a portfolio submitted to us replete with gems, among which we may anticipate that there will be few found unworthy of attention. "A Garden,"

"Where fond illusions swarm in every grove,"

is delightfully engraved by *Miller*. The perspective is good, and the composition beautiful; though we think the *jet d'eau* somewhat unusually lofty—

"Twilight's soft dews steal o'er the village green
With magic tints to harmonize the scene."

Does this beautiful engraving of "A Village Evening," by *Goodall*, require any other comment? See how the moon retires behind the cloud, and the church-tower becomes more dim in her receding light! No point of art is left untouched here; the figures sporting beneath the oak are well grouped, and the very action of the man, with the scythe at his back, who draws his weary limb heavily after him, declares how truly the painter's pencil has accompanied the poet's thought. "The Gipsy," *Goodall*.

"Down by yon hazel copse, at evening, blazed
The Gipsy's faggot—there we stood and gazed."

It needs no comment. "Leaving Home," *Goodall*—a beautiful sunlit scene; the youth crossing the stile is perfection; the landscape beautifully imagined, and the manor-house, with its entrance-gate, are placed in correct perspective. "Greenwich Hospital," *Goodall*.

"Hail, noblest structures, imaged in the wave,
A nation's grateful tribute to the brave."

How well is this receptacle for those who have "dared the battle, storm, and wreck" delineated! Some gay pageant is landing at the Hospital stairs, of which the old pensioner, whose antique garb could not have been expressed had he been placed at any other part of the picture, seems deeply observant: there is a real simplicity in this figure, which is drawn with great characteristic truth. Every one must remember the *bring-em-nears*, as they call their telescopes, by the loan of which they realize a few pence during the summer months.

(To be continued.) *Review*

Memorials of Oxford. Part XIII. London; Tilt.

THE thirteenth number of this excellent work contains engravings of the "Library of Merton College," and "Merton College Chapel." Designed and engraved in a style of art, reflecting the greatest credit on *Messrs. Mackenzie and Le Keux*. The wood-cuts represent the entrance gateway, the treasury, &c., part of the Warden's lodgings, and an elegant gothic representation of a groined roof. This work is valuable both for its local and general interest; the drawings are true and correct, and the engravings executed and finished with the greatest care, and most sincerely do we hope, that the success attending it may induce the artists to extend their excellent plan of illustration and design to many of the other ancient cities of England.

Illustrations to the Poetical Works of Sir Walter Scott.

Part IV. London; Tilt.

THE engravings in this number comprise "The Grey Mare's Tail," designed by *J. S. Cotman*, and *J. Skeene*, engraved by *J. C. Varrall*, to illustrate the Minstrelsy—the drawing is good, but the engraver has done his task hastily and carelessly—the body of falling water

which required the greatest lightness and delicacy is done in such straight lines as no falling water was, we venture to say, ever done yet. The mountain rocks around—the stormy sky above and beyond, and the Highland group in the fore-ground, give a spirited appearance to the general design. “*Linlithgow*” illustrates *Marmion*, the drawing is by *A. W. Calcott*, and we need, therefore, scarcely add, that it is good, effective, and spirited, and the engraver *W. B. Cooke*, has carefully kept these points in view, the distant city and the delicate tracery of the sky—the scenery is well done—but the figures in the fore-ground are not well finished and appear scratchy. “*Eglistone*” is drawn by *H. Gastineau*, and engraved by *J. Smith*; an illustration of *Rokeby* is one of the best and most effective prints in the number. It is a sketch of an old ruin, and the pastoral accompaniments of a quick gliding river, and a calm lovely sky in the back-ground, give to the whole view a spirit of gentle and solitary piety. “*Cumray*” is from the *Lord of the Isles*—the painter is *J. D. Harding*, the engraver *W. Radclyffe*, who has done his task very effectively, the fore-ground of rock and wood especially so—the distance is rather tame, but the whole view is a very quiet and pleasing one.—The fifth illustration is the “*Death-bed scene of De Argentine*” from a design by *J. H. Nixon*, engraved by *W. Radclyffe*.—The rich gothic interior, the drooping banner, the dead body of the knight, the death torch with its glare, the missal on the ground, the beads and rosary, are all in excellent character and keeping with the spirit and sentiment of the lines which the design illustrates.

“ Bid Ninian’s convent light their shrine
For late-wake of De Argentine,
O’er better knight on death-bier laid,
Torch never gleamed nor mass was said.”

Lord of the Isles.

These illustrations are in general well conceived and executed, and will form a fine series of illustrative *addenda* to the poet’s works.

Grantham Church, Lincolnshire. S. Ridge, Grantham.

THIS plate affords a fine representation of one of those beautiful edifices which rose up in what are usually denominated the darker ages.

Grantham Church combines, in its simply magnificent plan, several of the styles belonging to our ancient English architecture, and is a very curious specimen of the transition from early English to the

Decorated which took place, generally, about the reign of Edward II., specimens of both styles being remarkable in its stately tower and spire. The window represented at the west-end of the north aisle is very fine, and the details of the building extremely well expressed. It is from a drawing by *F. Simpson, Jun.* and is admirably engraved by *Le Keur*. *Spen*

Engravings from the Works of Sir Joshua Reynolds.

Moon, Boys, and Graves.

WE have seen this very superior work, but have not time to bestow that attention on it which it demands. Its merits will be discussed in our next. *Spen*

Portrait of John Thomas Smith, late keeper of Prints in the British Museum. London; Molteno and Graves; Colnaghi.

THERE are few persons in any way connected with art—whether patrons, artists, or amateurs, to whom the late Mr. Smith was not known, both from his public and private worth, and those who were not so fortunate as to enjoy his private friendship, knew well how to appreciate those public traits of character, for which he was always so highly and justly esteemed. As an author, he was known by his works on “Nollekins and his Times,” and on “Antient Topography”—as keeper and inspector of the prints in the British Museum, his kindness and urbanity to all who wished to examine them when visiting the Museum are well known. The engraving before us is by *W. Skelton*, from an original drawing by *J. Jackson, R. A.*, and conveys a very excellent and characteristic likeness of the original,—the engraving is judiciously and carefully executed, and the portrait is one which all should possess. Indeed, we earnestly recommend the purchase of this beautiful specimen of art, as the profits arising from its sale may materially add to the present slender finances of the widow of this excellent man. *Spen*

Portrait of Captain John Ross, R. N. H. Gouldsmith, 154, Albany Street, Regent's Park.

MISS GOULDSMITH has given a very correct likeness of the intrepid Navigator of the Arctic Seas. We can answer for this fact from personal observation. *Spen*

A General View of the Geology of Scripture, &c.

(Continued from page 95.)

"Misled by the theories of the earth, set forth by the continental philosophy and infidelity, theories so wild and absurd that sober reason now looks upon them with contempt, many zealous and able men of our own country have been hurried away by the torrent, and have been induced to follow out their own researches under the delusive and prejudiced impressions of their early studies.

"Even some of the most learned divines, without any knowledge of Geology, have considered themselves bound, in translating and explaining the sacred record, to submit to the dictates of philosophy, and by taking liberties with the original text, which would not be tolerated in translating any classic author, have thus unintentionally aided the cause of scepticism and unbelief."

Mr. Fairholme next alludes to some philosophers of the French school, who maintain the theory of gradual perfection, and who considered that life, in its lowest shape, was first generated in a fermenting mass, and that the present variety and perfection, so remarkable in the animal world, gradually arose from those species of marine creatures called Zoophytes, resembling, as their name denotes, the order of plants. He then proceeds to the following sublime contemplation, "that all created beings present to our admiring view a great chain of various parts, each link connected with its fellow by easy shades of similarity of structure, is a fact admitted by the most cursory student in this wonderful book. But what link of this chain is to be looked upon as less wonderful, or incomprehensible in its origin than another? And if, which it would be difficult to do, we can discover one more imperfect than another, for the performance of the great ends to which it is decreed, are we to fix upon this apparent imperfection as the first attempt and *failure* of the Almighty hand! The wonders displayed by the microscope ought for ever to obliterate from our minds any such impious and unworthy notions. That instrument exhibits to us the great fact, that if *perfection of design*, combined with what we consider *difficulty in formation*, is to be looked for in the creation, it is among the minutest of the insect tribe that we shall find displayed the most wonderful wisdom of the Creator. All that the most profound genius is capable of inventing, presents but a feeble image of the structure and action of these minute creatures; and yet the tribe of Zoophytes, as the most imperfect of created ani-

imals, ONLY required the existence of the class infusoria to prepare the sea for their creation. Such ideas of imperfection in the works of the Almighty are quite unworthy of our enlightened times; and the streams of knowledge flow to little purpose, if the head springs are tainted with such impurities." (p. 12.)

"The mind is lost in wonder, and is incapable of conceiving what the tongue can so easily express, that there are, in almost all fluids, animals as perfect as ourselves in bodily structure and action, so minute, that it would require millions of them to form the compass of one single grain of sea sand," pp. 12 and 13. And at the foot of the latter page we find a note that "the author had lately an opportunity of demonstrating, in the most unequivocal manner, that it would require from one to three millions of some active animalculæ to form the bulk of a grain of sand. This distinct measurement is made by means of a vegetable graduated fibre, accidentally discovered in a greenish scan on a gravel walk."

From this train of reasoning our author comes to the conclusion, that "Zoophytes could not exist without the animals on which they feed; and that as the same may be concluded with regard to any other individual species, that *all* must have been the spontaneous creation of an Almighty Power, at one and the same period, and not a gradual production by the *mere laws of nature*." pp. 13 and 14.

He next proceeds to state that the supposed chemical process which he had been before considering, required a much longer time than the Inspired Writings have given us to bring it to perfection: that the days of the Mosaical history, (which history never could be entirely excluded from the minds of men,) with their *evenings* and their *mornings*, were, therefore, forced into the *indefinite periods* necessary for the operation; that geologists, without knowledge of the original text, and learned men, without any knowledge of Geology, had, therefore, unintentionally formed a species of coalition, the effects of which strike deep into the very root of our confidence in Scripture, and sap the foundation on which our belief in the *Omnipotence* and Omniscience of an Almighty Creator ought to be founded. After which the following eloquent passage arrests our attention:—

"With whatever pleasure and interest, then, we may follow the more plausible theories of *secondary* formations on the surface of the earth, it appears impossible for our reason to enter, even in the slightest degree, into the *hypothetical* systems sought by the highest scientific authorities, with regard to *first formations*. We are taught both by

Scripture and by our reason, that the earth is but a small part of an immense system, and was intended as a temporary abode for *immortal souls* in the *mortal bodies*. We have no reason to suppose that we are misled by history, when we are informed that but a few thousands of years have elapsed since the creation of mankind: we are taught to believe, from what we read in a part of Scripture, which it is not so much the object of science to dispute, that a very considerable portion of the historical events of the world has already passed away, and consequently we may infer, that the scene on which we now act a part will not be of *immense* duration. Now, in considering the laws by which events are brought about, and the changes of this world are effected, we never discover so great a disproportion between the *means* and the *end* as would be the case, if we admit, with but too many geologists, that *millions of years* may have been necessary for the preparation and *ripening* of this earth from *chaos*, to fit it up as a stage on which so brief a drama was to be acted." (p. 15.)

But even if we admitted this theory, as our author justly observes, we have not advanced far in the object of our research. Difficulties are occurring at every step: we are no nearer in our attempt to approach the *Great First Cause*; for, if we talk of chaos—chaos must have been created—the materials for the compound must have been first obtained, and then from whence proceeds the law by which "all these beautiful forms shall be arranged"—but from a Sublime Intelligence immeasurably beyond our capacity to comprehend. "The potter may form the vessel, but he cannot *create* the clay."

As we cannot do justice to so important a work as that under review without entering into many of its details, and our limits, as a periodical, require to be a varied miscellany in each number, we shall, if possible, resume the subject in a future number. In the mean time, as we think we have said enough of its introductory part to impress every unprejudiced reader of the ability which is displayed in it, we trust that our opinions of its general excellence will be received as the faithful impressions produced on our mind by a careful and attentive perusal. This is one of the books, which, as Lord Bacon says, "are to be digested," and we predicate most conscientiously when we say, that there is no work that has been produced in modern times on the subject of Geology, that we can more strongly recommend to our readers.

CHIT CHAT.—ARTISTICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS.

THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.—The season is again coming round, and artists, and indeed all who are connected either directly or indirectly with art, are looking forward to the period of the ensuing annual exhibitions. We take the present opportunity to make a few observations upon the character and conduct of such of these as deserve it, and at the same time remark upon the benefit which artists may derive from institutions, and the influence, good or bad, which they must necessarily exert over art in general, whether to blight its fair prospects or to heighten its future fame.

The first in order is the British Institution—then follows the Society of British Artists, then the two water colour exhibitions, and last, though not least, the Royal Academy—thus leading the mind on to the perception of that phalanx of artistical talent by gentle degrees, that its overwhelming brightness may not be too dazzling for contemplation.

In our present number we shall confine our remarks to the character and conduct of those who direct and sway the interests of the British Institution, and in fulfilling this task it must be remembered by our readers, that we have but one end in view—to promote the welfare and well-doing of art. During the earlier years of the existence of this institution it gave signs of a strong and healthful vigour—of a firm and just determination to uphold the true dignity and interest of art—but these bright omens were like *ignes fatui*, they were too bright to last, and have served but to mislead the upright and to entrap the unwary, and we shall be enabled, as we pursue our remarks, to render these assertions clear and plain to the meanest and most simple comprehension. There need, we think, be no stronger proof required to prove the deplorably bad manner in which the affairs of this institution are conducted, than the undue influence which is exercised by the directors to make and patch up their yearly exhibition of modern art. The mode which has been adopted and followed by these gentlemen is one, which is in the extreme degree humiliating and degrading to the artist, who, subdued by his want of means to render himself independent, is frequently forced to bow and succumb to it.

In their circular letter to the artists, the directors hold out to them the tempting and alluring promise, that all new works of art will obtain the preferable situations in the arrangement and hanging in the

gallery—and this we know infers likewise, that these will stand also the fairest chance for sale. To prove, however, how far the contents of this aforesaid circular may be relied on, we need but refer to the catalogue of the last year's exhibition and observe how far the promises held out were then realized. Where and how were the new pictures placed?—What situations did they occupy on the walls of the gallery?—They were mostly second-rate with the exception only of those to whom good places had been promised, on condition that they would favor the institution by sending their pictures to Pall Mall instead of Suffolk street. It is, indeed, a well known fact, that one of the hirelings of the institution visited the studio of an artist and promised him a leading situation for his pictures if he would but send them—and we can give the names of the pictures that were sent to the institution solely on the strength of this representation—the reason for conduct such as this is too obvious to require explanation.—We would ask Mr. Uwins what his feelings were when he saw his beautiful and highly-finished picture placed as near the corner as to make it conveniently visible? We would ask him, and many other artists too, whether they expected to see their pictures play a second part to others which were very far inferior to them in every degree of artistical merit, *having been literally borrowed and lent for exhibition with reluctance*, and thrust before the public to cover a vacant space upon the walls? Did these gentlemen expect to find a dozen pictures, all painted by one artist for one patron, (that patron being himself a director of the institution) and all occupying leading places in the gallery? This is certainly giving a preference to new works of art with a vengeance.

Upon the first formation of the British Institution, the objects which the directors professed to have in view were highly laudable. They professed to make it a market between the artist and the patron—to benefit and serve those who were not so fortunate as to sell their pictures at previous exhibitions—to open a fair field for patronage and rivalry, and to encourage the young and friendless student in the progress of science. In its early years it proved of infinite service to the general cause and to the individual and private interests of artists—it nursed and cherished some of their highest and brightest ornaments and gave rise to a liberal and independent feeling between the artist and the patron—it was not then under the direction and management of interested and ignorant men. It is now a market, and like all markets it has its price; this has opened

a wide field for mischief which is not confined to this institution alone,—it has crept from this place into the artist's studio—it has spread itself through all the ramifications of the business of art, and it has now become a trading concern between buyer and seller. Reward for talent is quite out of the question, and it is seldom or ever that an artist gets his true price for a picture.

The British Institution, if we remember rightly, was established for the sale of pictures of a high class of imagination—let us ask, how has this one purpose been fulfilled—and particularly during the last year? What fine specimen of imagination in art was that which glared upon the spectator from the broad sheet of canvass hung over the fire-place in the north room so as to catch the eye of every one from the stair head? It was a *portrait* of Lady Dundonald in a Swiss dress—and, we may ask again, why was it hung in this leading and prominent situation? Why simply because it was painted by Mr. G. Hayter, whom the Duke of Devonshire has pronounced to be the finest portrait-painter now in England! The *portrait* of the Honorable Mrs. Norton, painted by the same artist for the same patron, affords another specimen of the treatment of such artists as are not among the number of “the elect.” There was also on the same line a *portrait* of Miss Fanny Kemble, by Briggs the R. A., and what did this work gain by being placed so near the eye—did it require it to aid its effect? are we to class these three pictures among the works of fancy? if so, we must confess we have yet to learn what real fancy is; how many works of real merit and high imagination suffer by the intrusion of such flimsy works of art as these in their places—the student must expect but little fostering care from this institution, the modicum of friendly encouragement held out by these directors to men of talent is small indeed. The ignorance of these pseudo arbitrators of taste is abundantly conspicuous in the fact of their having (for the sake of supercilious favoritism) hung the pictures we have mentioned in what artists understand by “the line of the eye,” when we will venture to affirm that they would have appeared to much greater advantage by being hung higher.—A *portrait* or picture of that character is not intended to meet the eye so closely—they are not for microscopic inspection, and a proper distance of the eye from them is absolutely necessary to a correct appreciation of their beauties.

But if these facts which we have noticed shew wilful culpability and disgraceful mismanagement, what shall we say when we allude

to the well-known fact, that there are artists who send their pictures to this annual exhibition, and who can calculate pretty nearly upon the situations which their pictures will occupy, without any consideration whatever to their merit as works of art. This may arise in one instance from the artist dining with a director, or from his intimate acquaintance with one who possesses more power than all the real patrons of the art put together, or from his being fortunate enough to sell his pictures occasionally, and thereby prove to his patron the value of discount and per centage.

There is a magic influence in the titles given to, and the interest possessed by, men of power, which few have the strength of mind and determination of purpose necessary to withstand. The directors of the British Institution have the power of hanging the works of a protégé as he may please and wish.—This superiority of power is too often misused, but it holds the charm over all and commands compliance. To such disgraceful practices as these, we are sorry to say that there are artists who are willing and ready to lend themselves—they do not act thus, it is true, because they have a desire to do wrong, but because they have a hard battle to fight and desire to do right. If an artist sends a picture to the ensuing exhibition of the institution and gets it badly hung—it is very probable that in giving vent to his bitter feelings of disappointment he will vow never to send another—but these feelings in proportion as they are violent so will they quickly subside—and the artist will perhaps venture to send once more and get better treated, and thus get wilfully exposed to the pleasure and disappointment which always result from the pursuit of an enthusiastic profession.—Thus uncertain are the lights and shadows of the life of an artist—and thus uncertain and capricious are the whims of those whom he is taught and led to regard as the supporters and patrons of his noble and delightful art.—In the pursuit of fair and honest fame he is alternately whirled between the gulphs of Scylla and Charybdis.

We have thus drawn the attention of our readers and correspondents to some of the serious evils which artists must encounter in obtaining the patronage and support of this institution—we may return to the subject again at some future opportunity, and in the mean time shall keep a close watch over the conduct of those connected with it.

CHARACTER AND GENIUS OF BIRD THE ACADEMICIAN.—He seldom came to St. Vincent's woods—he would delight in them when there,

but they had little real communion with his genius; he would not seek them for themselves. He was, perhaps, scarcely ever there without a party; and then it was for the party; to disengage himself even from art, for the sake of social mirth,—yet perhaps pleased that he was not totally disengaged from art; the bond was one of light affection; demanded no care, no thought. He was a child in the liberty it gave him, and sported and coquetted with art, frisking it away into a thousand wild vagaries, like a child, ever more laughingly joyous as it is fugitive in pretended liberty from its smiling mother's arms ever held out to receive back the sportive wanderer. He rambled about them, but not alone; he was no melancholy Jacques, but one of the merriest of the "co-partners in exile." He was an interesting character in many respects. He was born in Wolverhampton, on the 12th day of April, 1772, and left that town for Bristol in his 23rd year, where he resided till his death. I knew him well, nearly from the day he came to Bristol, and to the day of his death was most intimate with him, and estimate him far more for what he really was, and did for himself, than as if he had less to do. He was naturally one of the most amiable men living, but he was certainly neither wise nor prudent, nor the family disciplinarian. Affectionate-hearted to the utmost extent—kind-hearted, generous, and benevolent. He was naturally so amiable that it was long ere his irritability and sensitiveness had any injurious effect upon his mind, he was simple-hearted and modest, but he had never any great strength of character; and it is from that infirmity rather than any extraordinary innate vanity, that success,—unexpected success, and the flattery of friends, were too much for him. And of late years disease made sad havoc in every power within him; the vanity, which, if not afterwards created, must have been very dormant the greater part of his life, was made active at the very time he was less able to resist it—and it often made him peevish. His circumstances, so out of keeping with his merits, so often held up to his eye then willing to behold them, made him peevish. Yet, even in his very last days, sometimes all his amiableness would break out in natural lustre, gentle, serene, affectionate; and as if ashamed of, and unequal from debility to a contrary conflict, I have often seen him then burst out into tears.

His best scenes were those of the simple honest dealings and ways of more humble and common life.—Where there was some sentiment, some moral good, moral beauty, and simplicity of character to be portrayed—such a scene was his "Village Auction." There was poetry

in all his pictures of this cast, they were subjects on which his mind delighted to think and talk; never was man loved innocence for its own sake more. That he left this style, and attempted grand and scriptural, was ever much to be regretted, though in some of these he made great, and to some extent successful efforts. Perhaps his "Death of Eli" was the best, and I will not refuse to take to myself my portion of the blame, for I did constantly instigate him to the attempts. My own taste and feeling did not lie much in the walk he had chosen; but I should have judged better before I endeavoured to persuade him to relinquish it.—I saw the evil flattery was bringing upon him, and blighting his genius; and I fear I was too often, in my endeavours to correct its defects, a thorn in his side. I observed to him, when painting the Bishops, that he was wrong in the perspective of the colleges—showed him where he was wrong. He saw he was wrong—referred to his sketch, which he had gone to Oxford purposely to take, nothing could be more simple than the rectifying it. He did not do it, and shrank from the difficulty it presented to his mind, and in his restlessness took an expensive journey to make another sketch. He returned—the new and the old sketch were the same. I have seen him working at that picture, and paint in and out the same head, put down his palette and cry. But the man and his genius were not here, the latter had departed, the former was departing. This is not the record of his genius nor of the man, but of my affectionate lamentation over his decay.—*Blackwood*. [We rejoice thus to see old Christopher devoting some of the best pages of his Magazine to the honest appreciation and character of a genius in art, such as Bird was. Allan Cunningham will feel the weight of the crutch, but we take it, that in matters relating to art or artists, all are, or should be—friends. Our readers will have an opportunity of seeing two specimens of Bird's works in the present Winter Exhibition of the Society of British Artists.]

A CRITIC CRITICISED.—In our last number we took occasion to make a few observations upon artistical criticism and we ventured at the same time, upon a few cursory remarks respecting a certain one of this tribe, of whose conduct, writing, and style, we could not altogether approve. We pointed out the mean and spiritless fallacy of his remarks, the blundering tautology of his sayings, and exposed him to that sharp reproof and severe criticism which every honest man was ready to support us in. But this worthy seems to rejoice in the climax of his own absurdity, and has made some mean and levelling

remarks upon the exhibition of the copies from the works of Reynolds, West, and Lawrence at the British Institution. We are not alone in the idea that the unfortunate man who pens these articles is radically and irrecoverably mad, and we are almost ready to say the same of the conduct of those persons who allow their columns to be filled with the vapid trash, and miserable nonsense of this critical mountebank. It can only serve two principal purposes—one of flattering the unconscionable vanity of those who like to be damned with the faint praise of this all-unfortunate being—and another of exciting the unmerited disgust and abhorrence of all who have a true and real admiration for art.

He commences his criticism (?) by quoting from Theodore Hook, and in excuse urges the fact of his being a delightful author. He then, with a consummate impudence worthy only of himself, brings in the names of Messrs. Seguer, Wells, Simpson, Pickersgill, and the "blathering Mr. Constable" as he terms him—thus fully proving the truth of our previous remarks, that to set man against man in open or covered enmity is one of this being's choicest methods of recreation. In the nonsense which he gives vent to, respecting Sir Thomas Lawrence's Hamlet, he travels blindly out of his way to make an execrable pun upon the name of Mr. Novice with reference to the female artists who exhibited copies of pictures at the Institution. The wretched diatribe about Mr. Etty the Royal Academician, is worthy only of the base and disgusting mind that could harbour such a vile thought.

We now leave him for another short period—but he will receive a double share of exposure in our next number, if we detect his unworthy pen labouring in the foul course of venom and abuse of art within that period—let him therefore beware well of his jibes and sneers—they will recoil with ten-fold vengeance upon himself.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT STOTHARD.—Stothard's faces breathe innocence and happiness; his figures are instinct with graces; his scenes are Arcadian—the *beau-ideal* of pastoral beauty. He pictures a world where all is serene, peaceful, and smiling; inhabited by beings of unearthly goodness, gentleness, and tenderness. His designs are a combination of natural loveliness and simplicity, with the elegancies of artificial life, blended with poetical refinement and exquisite taste. The sentiment, however feebly manifested, redeems them from insipidity or affectation. Venerable old man! if the perceptions of thine outward senses are but glimmering, thou hast a world of sweet imaginings within; and if thy trembling hands have but retraced the

forms it portrayed in its days of vigour, we are yet charmed anew with thy graceful creations. May thy right hand never forget its cunning, or drop the pencil from weakness while thou livest!—*Spectator*.

[There is much truth in this little episode of character on which we hope to have an opportunity of dilating in an early number.]

TURNER AND HIS ART.—The difference between TURNER and other artists is just this,—they appear to have made up their pictures and studied their effects at home—he seems to have transferred the glowing scene to paper as he saw it in nature. We know they mostly all take sketches of the view, and put in their pictorial effects afterwards from memoranda or from recollection. TURNER most likely does the same; but the *memory of his eye* is more vivid and tenacious, one may fancy that the images successively formed on its retina are slid away into the chamber of his brain, like scenes at a theatre, to be used when wanted. He takes in every scene that comes before him, and never forgets it. He is often false in his perspective, from carelessness or wilfulness; he is apt to exaggerate heights and distances; and he paints nature in her richest attire: but there is the scene itself, and the beautiful and ever-varying effects of light.—*Ibid*.

[Somewhat exaggerated, but yet true in many points.]

FRENCH MEDAL.—In 1830, the Minister of the Interior commanded a medal to be struck in commemoration of the revolution of July. The task was entrusted to M. Depaulis, one of the first engravers of France. The face represents the figure of France enveloped in the ample folds of the Roman toga, and the head covered with the helmet; she is standing on the steps of the throne and trampling under-foot the obnoxious ordinances, holding the symbol of liberty in one hand, and with the other presenting the crown to Louis Philippe, who is habited in military uniform, leaning on the national standard, the drapery of which forms a canopy over his head, and is offering to France, in exchange for the crown, an olive branch, the emblem of peace and prosperity. The motto is *Publicæ Concordiæ Pignus*. On the reverse is the bust of the King bound with a wreath of laurels. The countenances, the attitudes, the draperies, and the accessories, are studied with the finest taste and judgment, and the execution is in full accordance with the design, producing, in the whole, a most noble, but simple, bold, and harmonious effect.



